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THE INFLUENCE OF THE CULTURE OF THE PARENTS ON THE CHILD'S LANGUAGE

By ROBERT L. STIMSON, JR., and ROBERT L. STIMSON, JR., and ROBERT L. STIMSON, JR.

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Abstract. The influence of the culture of the parents on the child's language was examined by comparing the language of children whose parents spoke English, Spanish, or Chinese. The results indicated that the language of the parents influenced the language of the child.

Keywords: language, culture, parents, child, English, Spanish, Chinese.

Introduction—The influence of the culture of the parents on the child's language has been examined by comparing the language of children whose parents spoke English, Spanish, or Chinese. The results indicated that the language of the parents influenced the language of the child.

Method—The subjects were 100 children, 50 boys and 50 girls, ranging in age from 1 to 5 years. The parents of the children spoke English, Spanish, or Chinese. The parents of the English-speaking children were all born in the United States. The parents of the Spanish-speaking children were all born in Mexico. The parents of the Chinese-speaking children were all born in China.

The children were tested individually. The test consisted of a series of questions and statements. The questions and statements were in English, Spanish, or Chinese. The children were asked to respond to the questions and statements in their native language.

The results indicated that the language of the parents influenced the language of the child. The children whose parents spoke English spoke English. The children whose parents spoke Spanish spoke Spanish. The children whose parents spoke Chinese spoke Chinese.

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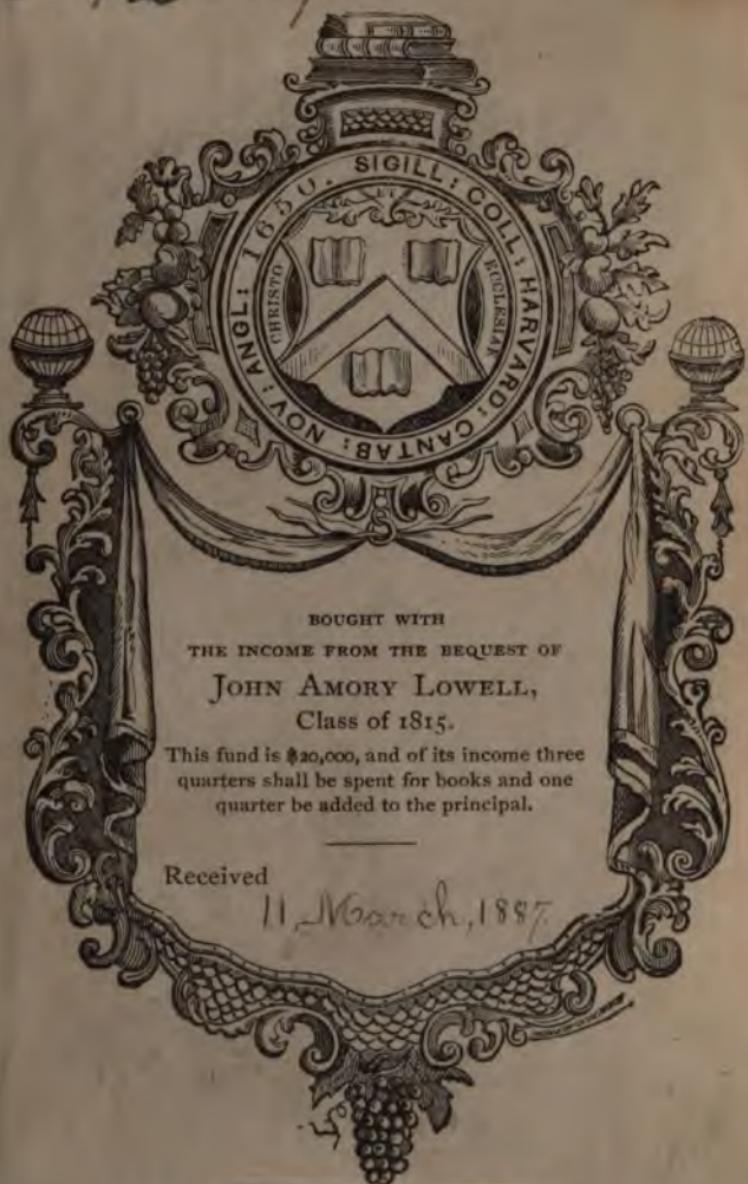
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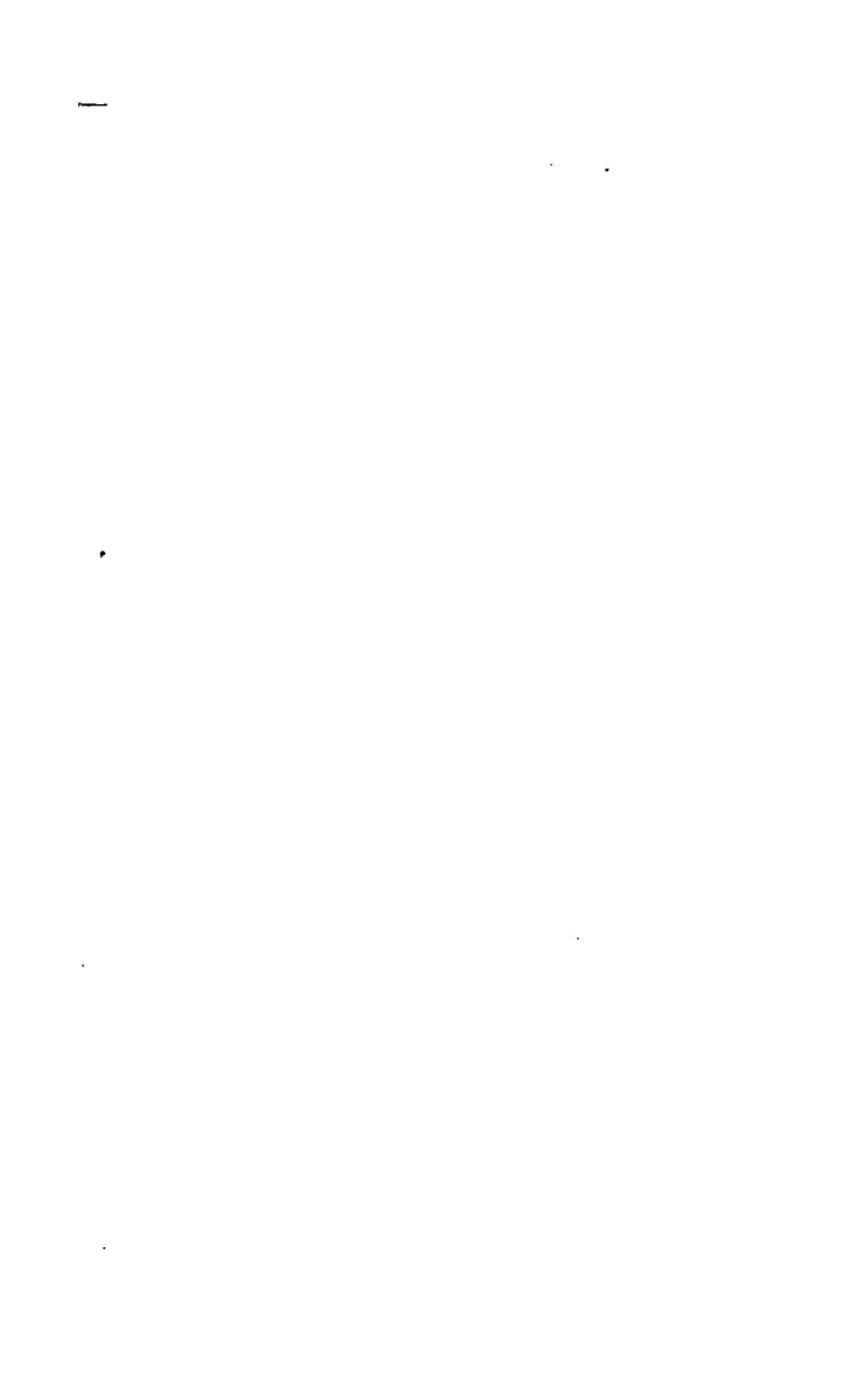
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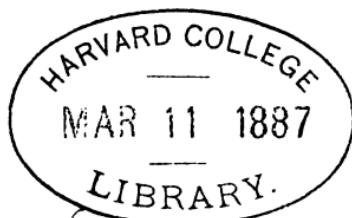
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TO

POPE PIUS IX.

NEVER UNTIL NOW, MOST HOLY FATHER! DID I HOPE OR DESIRE TO OFFER MY HOMAGE TO ANY POTENTATE ON EARTH; AND NOW I OFFER IT ONLY TO THE HIGHEST OF THEM ALL.

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN THE CULTIVATORS OF LITERATURE WERE PERMITTED AND EXPECTED TO BRING THE FRUIT OF THEIR LABOUR TO THE VATICAN. NOT ONLY WAS INCENSE WELCOME THERE, BUT EVEN THE HUMBLEST PRODUCE OF THE POOREST SOIL.

VERBENAM, PUERI, PONITE THURAQUE.

IF THOSE BETTER DAYS ARE RETURNING, WITHOUT WHAT WAS BAD OR EXCEPTIONABLE IN THEM, THE GLORY IS DUE ENTIRELY TO YOUR HOLINESS. YOU HAVE RESTORED TO ITALY HOPE AND HAPPINESS; TO THE REST OF THE WORLD HOPE ONLY. BUT A SINGLE WORD FROM YOUR PROPHETIC LIPS, A SINGLE MOTION OF YOUR EARTH-EMBRACING ARM, WILL OVERTURN THE FIRMEST SEATS OF INIQUITY AND OPPRESSION. THE WORD MUST BE SPOKEN; THE ARM MUST WAVE. WHAT DO WE SEE BEFORE US? IF WE TAKE THE BEST OF RULERS UNDER OUR SURVEY, WE FIND SELFISHNESS AND FRIVOLITY: IF WE EXTEND THE VIEW, INGRATITUDE, DISREGARD OF HONOUR, CONTEMPT OF HONESTY, BREACH OF PROMISES: ONE STEP YET BEYOND, AND THERE IS COLD-BLOODED IDIOCY, STABBING THE NOBLES AT HOME, SPURNING THE PEOPLE EVERYWHERE, AND VOIDING ITS CORROSION SLAVER IN THE FAIR FACE OF ITALY. IT IS BETTER TO LOOK NO FARTHER, ELSE OUR EYES MUST BE RIVETED ON FROZEN

SEAS OF BLOOD SUPERFUSED WITH BLOOD FRESH FLOWING. THE SAME FEROCIOUS ANIMAL LEAVES THE IMPRESSION OF ITS BROAD AND HEAVY FOOT ON THE SNOW OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE AND OF THE CAUCASUS. AND IS THIS INDEED ALL THAT EUROPE HAS BROUGHT FORTH, AFTER SUCH LONG AND PAINFUL THROES ? HAS SHE ENDURED HER MARATS, HER ROBESPIERRES, HER BUONAPARTES, FOR THIS ? GOD INFILCTED ON THE LATTER OF THESE WRETCHES HIS TWO GREATEST CURSES ; UNCONTROLLED POWER AND PERVERTED INTELLECT ; AND THEY WERE TWISTED TOGETHER TO MAKE A SCOURGE FOR A NATION WHICH REVELLED IN EVERY CRIME, BUT ABOVE ALL IN CRUELTY. IT WAS INSUFFICIENT. SHE IS NOW UNDERGOING FROM A WEAKER HAND A MORE IGNOMINIOUS PUNISHMENT, PURSUED BY THE DERISION OF EUROPE. TO SAVE HER HONOUR, SHE PRETENDED TO ADMIRE THE COURAGE THAT DECIMATED HER CHILDREN : TO SAVE HER HONOUR, SHE NOW PRETENDS TO ADMIRE THE WISDOM THAT IMPRISONS THEM. CUNNING IS NOT WISDOM ; PREVARICATION IS NOT POLICY ; AND (NOVEL AS THE NOTION IS, IT IS EQUALLY TRUE) ARMIES ARE NOT STRENGTH : ACRE AND WATERLOO SHOW IT, AND THE FLAMES OF THE KREMLIN AND THE SOLITUDES OF FONTAINEBLEAU. ONE HONEST MAN, ONE WISE MAN, ONE PEACEFUL MAN, COMMANDS A HUNDRED MILLIONS, WITHOUT A BATON AND WITHOUT A CHARGER. HE WANTS NO FORTRESS TO PROTECT HIM : HE STANDS HIGHER THAN ANY CITADEL CAN RAISE HIM, BRIGHTLY CONSPICUOUS TO THE MOST DISTANT NATIONS, GOD'S SERVANT BY ELECTION, GOD'S IMAGE BY BENEPICENCE.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

IT is hardly to be expected that ladies and gentlemen will leave on a sudden their daily promenade, skirted by Turks and shepherds and knights and plumes and palfreys, of the finest Tunbridge manufacture, to look at these rude frescoes, delineated on an old wall high up, and sadly weak in coloring. As in duty bound, we can wait. The reader (if there should be one) will remember that Sculpture and Painting have never ceased to be occupied with the scenes and figures which we venture once more to introduce in poetry, it being our belief that what is becoming in two of the Fine Arts is not quite unbecoming in a third, the one which indeed gave birth to them.

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THE CHILDREN OF VENUS
THE LAST OF ULYSSES
SILENUS
REGENERATION

HELLENICS.

I. THRASYMEDES AND EUNÖE.

Who will away to Athens with me ? who
Loves choral songs and maidens crown'd with flowers,
Unenvious ? mount the pinnace ; hoist the sail.
I promise ye, as many as are here,
Ye shall not, while ye tarry with me, taste
From unrinsed barrel the diluted wine
Of a low vineyard or a plant ill-pruned,
But such as anciently the *Æ*gean isles
Pour'd in libation at their solemn feasts :
And the same goblets shall ye grasp, embost
With no vile figures of loose languid boors,
But such as Gods have lived with and have led.

Benson The sea smiles bright before us. What white sail
Plays yonder ? what pursues it ? Like two hawks
Away they fly. Let us away in time
To overtake them. Are they menaces
We hear ? And shall the strong repulse the weak,
Enraged at her defender ? Hippias !
Art thou the man ? 'Twas Hippias. He had found
His sister borne from the Cecropian port
By Thrasyphorus. And reluctantly ?
Ask, ask the maiden ; I have no reply.

“ Brother ! O brother Hippias ! O, if love,
If pity, ever toucht thy breast, forbear !
Strike not the brave, the gentle, the beloved,
My Thrasyphorus, with his cloak alone
Protecting his own head and mine from harm.”

“ Didst thou not once before,” cried Hippias,
Regardless of his sister, hoarse with wrath
At Thrasyphorus, “ didst not thou, dog-eyed,
Dare, as she walkt up to the Parthenon,
On the most holy of all holy days,
In sight of all the city, dare to kiss
Her maiden cheek ? ”

“ Ay, before all the Gods,
Ay, before Pallas, before Artemis,
Ay, before Aphrodite, before Herè,
I dared ; and dare again. Arise, my spouse !
Arise ! and let my lips quaff purity)
From thy fair open brow.” X

The sword was up,
And yet he kist her twice. Some God withheld
The arm of Hippias ; his proud blood seeth'd slower
And smote his breast less angrily ; he laid
His hand on the white shoulder, and spake thus.
“ Ye must return with me. A second time
Offended, will our sire Peisistratos
Pardon the affront ? Thou shouldst have askt thyself /
This question ere the sail first flapt the mast.” /
“ Already thou hast taken life from me ;
Put up thy sword,” said the sad youth, his eyes
Sparkling ; but whether love or rage or grief
They sparkled with, the Gods alone could see.
Peiræus they re-entered, and their ship
Drove up the little waves against the quay,
Whence was thrown out a rope from one above,

And Hippias caught it. From the virgin's waist
Her lover dropt his arm, and blusht to think
He had retain'd it there in sight of rude
Irreverent men : he led her forth, nor spake.
Hippias walkt silent too, until they reacht
The mansion of Peisistratos her sire.
Serenely in his sternness did the prince
Look on them both awhile : they saw not him,
For both had cast their eyes upon the ground.
“ Are these the pirates thou hast taken, son ? ”
Said he. “ Worse, father ! worse than pirates they,
Who thus abuse thy patience, thus abuse
Thy pardon, thus abuse the holy rites
Twice over.”

“ Well hast thou performed thy duty,”
Firmly and gravely said Peisistratos.
“ Nothing then, rash young man ! could turn thy heart
From Eunöe, my daughter ? ”

“ Nothing, sir,
Shall ever turn it. I can die but once
And love but once. O Eunöe ! farewell ! ”

“ Nay, she shall see what thou canst bear for her.”

“ O father ! shut me in my chamber, shut me
In my poor mother’s tomb, dead or alive,
But never let me see what he can bear ;
I know how much that is, when borne for me.”

“ Not yet : come on. And lag not thou behind,
Pirate of virgin and of princely hearts !
Before the people and before the Goddess
Thou hadst evinced the madness of thy passion,
And now wouldst bear from home and plenteousness,
To poverty and exile, this my child.”

Then shuddered Thrasymedes, and exclaim’d,
“ I see my crime : I saw it not before.

The daughter of Peisistratos was born
Neither for exile nor for poverty,
Ah ! nor for me ! ” He would have wept, but one
Might see him, and weep worse. The prince unmoved
Strode on, and said, “ To-morrow shall the people,
All who beheld thy trespasses, behold
The justice of Peisistratos, the love
He bears his daughter, and the reverence
In which he holds the highest law of God.”

He spake ; and on the morrow they were one.

II. DRIMACOS.

In Crete reign'd Zeus and Minos ; and there sprang
From rocky Chios (but more years between)
Homer. Ah ! who near Homer's side shall stand ?
A slave, a slave shall stand near Homer's side.
Come from dark ages forth, come, Drimacos !

O gems of Ocean, shining here and there
Upon his vest of ever-changeful green,
Richer are ye than wide-spred continents,
Richer in thoughtful men and glorious deeds.

Drimacos was a slave ; but Liberty
By him from Slavery sprang, as day from night.
Intolerable servitude o'erran
The isle of Chios. They whose sires had heard
The blind man, and the muse who sat beside,
Constant, as was the daughter to the king
and yet Of Thebes, and comforting his sunless way,
Yea, even these bore stones within their breasts,
Buying by land or capturing by sea,
And torturing limbs fashioned like their own,
Limbs like the Gods' they all fell down before.

But Zeus had from Olympus lookt oblique,
Then breath'd into the breasts of suffering slaves
Heroic courage and heroic strength,
And wisdom for their guidance and support.
Drimacos he appointed to coerce
The pride of the enslaver, and to free
All those who labored and were heavy-laden
With griefs, not even by the avenging Gods
Inflicted, wrongs which men alone inflict
On others, when their vices have scoopt out
A yoke far more opprobrious for themselves.
From field to field the clang of arms was heard ;
Fires from the rocks and the hill-tops by night
Collected all the valiant, all the young,
Female and male, stripling and suckling babe,
By mother (then most fond) not left behind.
But many were o'ertaken ; many dropt
Faint by the road ; thirst, hunger, terror, seiz'd
Separate their prey. Among the fugitives,
In the most crowded and the narrowest path
That led into the thickets on the hill,
Was Amymonè with her infant boy,

Eiarinos. She pray'd the Gods, nor pray'd
Inaudible, although her voice had fail'd.
On Drimacos she call'd by name ; he heard
The voice ; he turn'd his head, and cried aloud :
“ Comrades ! take up yon infant from the arms
That sink with it ; and help the mother on.”
Far in advance was he ; all urged a main ;
All minded their own household, nor obey'd.
But he rusht back amid them till he reacht
The mother, who had fallen under-foot,
Trampled, but not relinquishing her hold.
Scarcely was space to stoop in, yet he stoopt
And rais'd what feebly wail'd among men's legs,
And placed it on his head, that the fresh air
Might solace it : soon it began to play,
To pat the hair of some, of some the eyes,
Unconscious that its mother's soul had fled.
The dust rose lower, for the sultry day
Was closing, and above shone Hesperus
Alone. On mossy banks within the brake
The men threw down their weapons snatcht in haste,
Impenetrable woods received their flight,

And shelter'd and conceal'd them from pursuit.
There many years they dwelt ; nor only there,
But also in the plains and in the towns
Fought they, and overthrew the wealthier race,
And drove their cattle off and reapt their grain.
Drimacos, strong in justice, strong in arms,
Prompt, vigilant, was everywhere obey'd.
He proffer'd the proud Chiots, half-subdued,
Repression of invaders, in return
For their repression of invaders too,
And corn and wine and oil enough for all,
And horned victims to avenger Zeus.
But plenteousness and sloth relaxt his hold
Upon a few, men yearning to partake
The vices of a city : murmurs rose
And reacht the ear of Drimacos, and reacht
The wealthy towns and their impatient lords.
Rewards were offered for the leader's head,
And askt perhaps ere offered. When he found
Ingratitude so nigh and so alert,
He listened calmly to the chiefs around,
His firm defenders ; then replied :

“ My friends !
Already in the days of youth ye watcht
Over the common-weal, but now your eyes
And mine too want repose. Fear not for me,
But guard yourselves. The Gods who placed me here
Call *me* away, not you.”

They heard, and went,
Sorrowing. Then call’d he unto him the youth
Eiarinos, who two whole years had fought
Beside him, and fought well.

“ Eiarinos !
I may have saved thy life (’tis said I did)
In infancy : it now behoves me, boy,
To give thee substance such as parents give.
Alas ! ’tis wanting : nought is in the house
Save arms, as thou well knowest ; but those men
Who left me now, had talkt with thee before,
And there are marks along thy cheek which tears
Leave upon maiden’s cheeks, not upon men’s.

Eiarinos spake not, but threw his arms
Around his guardian’s neck and shook with grief.
“ Thou shalt not be quite destitute, my son ! ”

Said he, "Thou knowest what reward awaits
Him who shall bring my head within the town.
Here ! strike ! let never traitor grasp the gold."
Forward he held the hilt and lowered his brow.
"Bequeahest thou to parricidal hand,
O father ! that accursed gold ?" cried he,
And ran against the portal, blind with tears.
But the calm man now caught his arm, and said,
"Delay may bring on both what comes for one.
Inevitable is my death : at least
Promise me this one thing, Eiarinos,
And I release thee : swear that, when I die,
Thou wilt, against all adversaries, bear
My head to those who seek it, pledge of peace."
Calmer, but sobbing deep, the youth replied,
"When Zeus the liberator shall appoint
The pastor of the people to depart,
His will be done ! if such be his and thine."
He lowered his eyes in reverence to the earth ;
And Drimacos then smote into his breast
The unaccepted sword. The pious youth
Fell overpowered with anguish, nor arose

Until the elders, who had gone, return'd.
They comforted the orphan, and implored
He would perform the duty thus enjoined.
Nor Muse, nor Memory her mother, knows
The sequel: but upon the highest peak
Of Chios is an altar of square stone
Roughened by time, and some believe they trace
In ancient letters, cubit-long, the words
Drimacos and *Eiarinos* and *Zeus*.

III. THERON AND ZOE.

Zoe. Changed? very true, O Theron, I am changed.
Theron. It would at least have been as merciful
To hold a moment back from me the briar
You let recoil thus sharply on my breast.
Not long ago, not very long, you own'd
With maiden blushes, which became your brow
Better than corn-flower, or that periwinkle
Train'd round it by a very careful hand,
A long while trimming it (no doubt) and proud
Of making its blue blossom laugh at me.

Zoe. I could laugh too. What did I own? It seems
(It was so little) you have quite forgot.

Theron. That, since we sate together day by day,
And walkt together, sang together, none
Of earliest, gentlest, fondest, maiden friends
Loved you as formerly. If one remained
Dearer to you than any of the rest,
You could not wish her greater happiness . .

Zoe. Than what?

Theron. I think you never could have said it . .
I must have dreamt it . .

Zoe. Tell me then your dream.

Theron. I thought you said . . nay, I will swear you
said . .

More than one heard it . . that you could not wish
The nearest to your heart more perfect joy
Than Theron's love.

Zoe. Did I?

Theron. The Gods in heaven
Are witnesses, no less than woodland Gods,
That you did say it. O how changed! no word,
No look, for Theron now!

Zoe. Girls often say
More than they mean : men always do.

Theron. By Pan !
Who punishes with restless nights the false,
Hurling the sleeper down the precipice
Into the roaring gulph, or letting loose
Hounds, wolves, and tigers after him, his legs
Meanwhile tied not quite close, but just apart,
In withy bands . . by him I swear, my tongue,
Zoe ! can never utter half my love.
Retract not one fond word.

Zoe. I must retract
The whole of those.

Theron. And leave me most unblest !

Zoe. I know not.

Theron. Heed not, rather say. Farewell.

Zoe. Farewell. I will not call you back again.
Go, Theron ! hatred soon will sear your wound.

Theron. Falsehood I hate : I can not hate the false.

Zoe. Never ? Then scorn her.

Theron. I can scorn myself,

And will ; for others are preferr'd to me ;
The untried to the tried.

Zoe. You said farewell.

Theron. Again I say it.

Zoe. Now I can believe

That you, repeating it, indeed are gone.

Yet seem you standing where you stood before.

Hath Pan done this ? Pan, who doth such strange
things.

Theron. Laugh me to scorn : derision I deserve :
But let that smile . . O let it be less sweet !
Sorrowful let me part, but not insane.

Zoe. I know some words that charm insanity
Before it can take hold.

Theron. Speak them ; for now
Are they most wanted.

Zoe. I did say, 'tis true,
If on this solid earth friend dear enough
Remain'd to me, that Theron is the youth
I would desire to bless her.

Theron. To avoid
My importunity ; to hear no more

The broken words that spoilt our mutual song,
The sobs that choakt my flute, the humidity
(Not from the lip) that gurgled on the stops.

Zoe. I would avoid them all ; they troubled me.

Theron. Now then, farewell.

Zoe. I will do all the harm
I can to any girl who hopes to love you ;
Nor shall you have her.

Theron. Vain and idle threat !

Zoe. So, Theron ! you would love then once again ?

Theron. Never ; were love as possible and easy . . .

Zoe. As what ?

Theron. As death.

Zoe. O Theron ! once indeed
I said the words which then so flatter'd you,
And now so pain you. Long before my friends
Left me through envy of your fondness for me,
No, not the dearest of them could I bear
To see beloved by you. False words I spake,
Not knowing then how false they were.

Theron. Speak now
One that shall drown them all.

Zoe. My voice is gone.
Why did you kiss me, if you wisht to hear it?

IV. TO CORINTH.

Queen of the double sea, beloved of him
Who shakes the world's foundations, thou hast seen
Glory in all her beauty, all her forms ;
Seen her walk back with Theseus when he left
The bones of Sciron bleaching to the wind,
Above the ocean's roar and cormorant's flight,
So high that vastest billows from above
Show but like herbage waving in the mead ;
Seen generations throng thy Isthmian games,
And pass away ; the beautiful, the brave,
And them who sang their praises. But, O Queen,
Audible still, and far beyond thy cliffs,
As when they first were utter'd, are those words
Divine which praised the valiant and the just ;
And tears have often stopt, upon that ridge
So perilous, him who brought before his eye
The Colchian babes. "Stay ! spare him ! save the
last !

Medea ! Is that blood ? again ! it drops
From my imploring hand upon my feet !
I will invoke the Eumenides no more,
I will forgive thee, bless thee, bend to thee
In all thy wishes, do but thou, Medea,
Tell me, one lives.” “ And shall I too deceive ? ”
Cries from the fiery car an angry voice ;
And swifter than two falling stars descend
Two breathless bodies ; warm, soft, motionless,
As flowers in stillest noon before the sun,
They lie three paces from him : such they lie
As when he left them sleeping side by side,
A mother’s arm round each, a mother’s cheeks
Between them, flush’d with happiness and love.
He was more changed than they were, doomed to show
Thee and the stranger, how defaced and scarr’d
Grief hunts us down the precipice of years,
And whom the faithless prey upon the last.
To give the inertest masses of our earth
Her loveliest forms, was thine ; to fix the Gods
Within thy walls, and hang their tripods round
With fruits and foliage knowing not decay.

A nobler work remains : thy citadel
Invites all Greece : o'er lands and floods remote
Many are the hearts that still beat high for thee :
Confide then in thy strength, and unappall'd
Look down upon the plain, while yokemate kings
Run bellowing where their herdsmen goad them on.
Instinct is sharp in them and terror true,
They smell the floor whereon their necks must lie.

V. LYSANDER, ALCANOR, PHANÖE.

Lysander. Art thou grown hoarse by sitting in the sun
Of early spring, when winds come down adrift
To punish them they find asleep at noon ?

Alcanor. Hoarse I am not, but I am tired of song,
Therefore do I retire, where, without pipe,
The goat-foot God brought all the nymphs to sit
Half-way up Mænalo. If she I love
Will follow me, I swear to thee by him,
Bitter to those who slight him or forswear,
Thou shalt hear something sweet, do thou but stay.

Lysander. Lysander well can stay, do thou but sing.

Alcanor. But not unless a Nymph or Nymph-like maid
Will listen.

Lysander. Here comes Phanöe. Thou art pale.
Sing : Phanöe ! bid him sing.

Phanöe. By Artemis !
I bade him never more repeat my name,
And if he disobeys me . . .

Lysander. Hush ! 'twere ill
To call down vengeance upon those who love :
And he hath sworn by Pan that he will sing
If thou wilt follow him up Mænemos.

Phanöe. He may snatch off my slipper while I kneel
To Pan, upon the stone so worn aslant
That it is difficult to kneel upon
Without my leaving half a slipper loose.
Little cares he for Pan : he scarcely fears
That other, powerfuller and terribler,
To whom more crowns are offered than to Zeus,
Or any God beside, and oftener changed.
In spring we garland him with pointed flowers,
Anemone and crocus and jonquil,
And tender hyacinth in clustering curls ;

Then with sweet-breathing mountain strawberry ;
Then pear and apple blossom, promising
(If he is good) to bring the fruit full-ripe,
Hanging it round about his brow, his nose,
Down even to his lips. When autumn comes,
His russet vine-wreath crackles under grapes :
Some trim his neck with barley, wheat, and oat ;
Some twine his naked waist with them : and last
His reverend head is seen and worshipt through
Stiff narrow olive-leaves, that last till spring.
Say, ought I not to fear so wild a boy,
Who fears not even *him* ! but once has tried
By force to make me pat him, after prayers ?
How fierce then lookt the God ! and from above
How the club reddened, as athirst for blood !
Yet, fearing and suspecting the audacious,
Up Maenalos I must, for there my herd
Is browsing on the thorn and citisus
At random.

Lysander. He hath not endured thy frown,
But hurries off.

Phanöe. And let him.

Lysander.

Captious Pan

On one or other may look evil-eyed.

Phanöe. I mind my Goddess, let him mind his God.

Away she went, and as she went she sang.

Brief cries were heard ere long, faint and more faint.

Pan ! was it thou ? was it thou, Artemis ?

Frolicsome kids and hard goats glassy-eyed

Alone could tell the story, had they speech.

The maiden came not back : but, after rites

Due to the goat-foot God, the pious youth

Piped shrilly forth and shook off all his woe.

VI. HYPERBION.

Hyperbion was among the chosen few

Of Phœbus ; and men honored him awhile,

Honoring in him the God. But others sang

As loudly ; and the boys as loudly cheer'd.

Hyperbion (more than bard should be) was wroth,

And thus he spake to Phœbus : “ Hearest thou,

O Phœbus ! the rude rabble from the field,

Who swear that they have known thee ever since
Thou feddest for Admetus his white bull ? ”
“ I hear them,” said the God. “ Seize thou the first,
And haul him up above the heads of men,
And thou shalt hear them shout for thee as pleas’d.”
Headstrong and proud Hyperbion was : the crown
Of laurel on it badly cool’d his brow :
So, when he heard them singing at his gate,
While some with flints cut there the rival’s name,
Rushing he seized the songster at their head :
The songster kickt and struggled hard, in vain.
Hyperbion claspt him round with arm robust,
And with the left a hempen rope uncoil’d,
Whereon already was a noose : it held
The calf until its mother’s teat was drawn
At morn and eve ; and both were now afield.
With all his strength he pull’d the wretch along,
And haul’d him up a pine-tree, where he died.
But one night, not long after, in his sleep
He saw the songster : then did he beseech
Apollo to enlighten him, if perchance
In what he did he had done aught amiss.

“ Thou hast done well, Hyperbion ! ” said the God,
“ As I did also to one Marsyas
Some years ere thou wert born : but better 'twere
If thou hadst understood my words aright,
For those around may harm thee, and assign
As reason that thou wentest past the law.
My meaning was that thou shouldst hold him up
In the high places of thy mind, and show
Thyself the greater by enduring him.”
Downcast Hyperbion stood : but Phœbus said
“ Be of good cheer, Hyperbion ! if the rope
Is not so frayed but it may hold thy calf,
The greatest harm is, that, by hauling him,
Thou hast chafed, sorely, sorely, that old pine ;
And pine-tree bark will never close again.”

VII. ICARIOS AND ERIGONE.

Improvident were once the Attic youths,
As (if we may believe the credulous
And testy) various youths have been elsewhere.
But truly such was their improvidence,

Ere Pallas in compassion was their guide,
They never stowed away the fruits of earth
For winter use ; nor knew they how to press
Olive or grape : yet hospitality
Sate at the hearth, and there was mirth and song.
Wealthy and generous in the Attic land,
Icarios ! wert thou ; and Erigonè,
Thy daughter, gave with hearty glee the milk,
Buzzing in froth beneath unsteddy goat,
To many who stopt near her ; some for thirst,
And some to see upon its back that hand
So white and small and taper, and await
Until she should arise and show her face.
The father wisht her not to leave his house,
Nor she to leave her father ; yet there sued
From all the country round both brave and rich.
Some, nor the wealthier of her wooers, drove
Full fifty slant-brow'd kingly-hearted swine, |
Reluctant ever to be led aright,
Race autocratical, autochthon race,
Lords of the woods, fed by the tree of Jove.
Some had three ploughs ; some had eight oxen ; some

Had vines, on oak, on maple, and on elm,
In long and straight and gleamy avenues,
Which would have tired you had you reacht the end
Without the unshapen steps that led beyond
Up the steep hill to where they lean'd on poles.

Yet kind the father was, and kind the maid.
And now when winter blew the chaff about,
And hens pursued the grain into the house,
Quarrelsome and indignant at repulse,
And rushing back again with ruffled neck,
They and their brood ; and kids blinkt at the brand,
And bee-nosed oxen with damp nostrils, lowered
Against the threshold, stamp't the dogs away ;
Icarios, viewing these with thoughtful mind,
Said to Erigonè, " Not scantily
The Gods have given us these birds and these
Short-bleating kids, and these loose-hided steers.
The Gods have given : to them will we devote
A portion of their benefits, and bid
The youths who love and honor us partake :
So shall their hearts, and so shall ours, rejoice."
The youths were bidden to the feast : the flesh

Of kid and crested bird was plentiful ;
The steam hung on the rafters, where were nail'd
Bushes of savory herbs, and figs and dates ;
And yellow-pointed pears sent down long stalks
Through nets wide-mesht, work of Erigone
When night was long and lamp yet unsupplied.
Choice grapes Icarios had ; and these, alone
Of all men in the country, he preserv'd
For festive days ; nor better day than this
To bring them from beneath his reed-thatcht roof.
He mounted the twelve stairs with hearty pride,
And soon was heard he, breathing hard : he now
Descended, holding in both arms a cask, |
Fictile, capacious, bulging : cork-tree bark |
Secured the treasure ; wax above the mouth,
And pitch above the wax. The pitch he brake,
The wax he scraped away, and laid them by.
Wrenching up carefully the cork-tree bark,
A hum was heard. "What ! are there bees within ?"
Euphorbas cried. "They came then with the grapes,"
Replied the elder, and pour'd out clear juice
Fragrant as flowers, and wrinkled husks anon.

“ The ghosts of grapes ! ” cried Phanor, fond of jokes
Within the house, but ever abstinent
Of such as that in woodland and alone,
Where any sylvan God might overhear.
No few were sadden’d at the ill-omen’d word,
But sniffing the sweet odour, bent their heads,
Tasted, sipt, drank, ingurgitated : fear
Flew from them all, joy rusht to every breast,
Friendship grew warmer, hands were join’d, vows sworn.
From cups of every size, from cups two-ear’d,
From ivy-twisted and from smooth alike,
They dash the water, they pour in the wine,
(For wine it was) until that hour unseen.
They emptied the whole cask, and they alone ;
For both the father and the daughter sate
Enjoying their delight. But when they saw
Flush faces, and when angry words arose
As one more fondly glanced against the cheek
Of the fair maiden on her seat apart,
And she lookt down, or lookt another way
Where other eyes caught hers, and did the like,
Sadly the sire, the daughter fearfully,

Upon each other fixt wide-open eyes.
This did the men remark, and, bearing signs
Different, as were their tempers, of the wine,
But feeling each the floor reel under him,
Each raging with more thirst at every draught,
Acastor first (sidelong his step) arose,
Then Phanor, then Antyllos :

“ Zeus above
Confound thee, cursed wretch !” aloud they cried,
“ Is this thy hospitality ? must all
Who love thy daughter perish at a blow ?
Not at a blow, but like the flies and wasps.”
Madness had seiz’d them all. Erigonè
Ran out for help : what help ? Before her sprang
Mœra, and howl’d and barkt, and then return’d,
Presaging. They had dragg’d the old man out
And murder’d him. Again flew Mœra forth,
Faithful, compassionate, and seized her vest,
And drew her where the body lay, unclosed
The eyes, and rais’d toward the stars of heaven.

Raise thine, for thou hast heard enough, raise thine

And view Böotes bright among those stars,
Brighter the Virgin : Mœra too shines there.
But where were the Eumenides ? Repress
Thy anger. If the clear calm stars above
Appease it not, and blood must flow for blood,
Listen, and hear the sequel of the tale.
Wide-seeing Zeus lookt down ; as mortals knew
By the woods bending under his dark eye,
And huge towers shuddering on the mountain-top,
And stillness in the valley, in the wold,
And over the deep waters all round earth.
He lifted up his arm, but struck them not
In their abasement : by each other's blow
They fell ; some suddenly ; but more beneath
The desperate gasp of long-enduring wounds.

VIII. THE HAMADRYAD.

Rhaicos was born amid the hills wherefrom
Gnidos the light of Caria is discern'd,
And small are the white-crested that play near,
And smaller onward are the purple waves.

Thence festal choirs were visible, all crown'd
With rose and myrtle if they were inborn ;
If from Pandion sprang they, on the coast
Where stern Athenè rais'd her citadel,
Then olive was entwined with violets
Cluster'd in bosses, regular and large ;
For various men wore various coronals,
But one was their devotion ; 'twas to her
Whose laws all follow, her whose smile withdraws
The sword from Ares, thunderbolt from Zeus,
And whom in his chill caves the mutable
Of mind, Poseidon, the sea-king reveres,
And whom his brother, stubborn Dis, hath pray'd
To turn in pity the averted cheek
Of her he bore away, with promises,
Nay, with loud oath before dread Styx itself,
To give her daily more and sweeter flowers
Than he made drop from her on Enna's dell.

Rhaicos was looking from his father's door
At the long trains that hastened to the town
From all the valleys, like bright rivulets
Gurgling with gladness, wave outrunning wave,

And thought it hard he might not also go
And offer up one prayer, and press one hand,
He knew not whose. The father call'd him in
And said, " Son Rhaicos ! those are idle games ;
Long enough I have lived to find them so."
And here he ended, sighing . . . as old men do
Always, to think how idle such games are.
" I have not yet " thought Rhaicos in his heart,
And wanted proof.

" Suppose thou go and help
Echion at the hill, to bark yon oak
And lop its branches off, before we delve
About the trunk and ply the root with axe :
This we may do in winter."

Rhaicos went ;
For thence he could see farther, and see more
Of those who hurried to the city-gate.
Echion he found there, with naked arm
Swart-hair'd, strong-sinew'd, and his eyes intent
Upon the place where first the axe should fall :
He held it upright. " There are bees about,
Or wasps, or hornets," said the cautious eld,

“ Look sharp, O son of Thallinos ! ” The youth
Inclined his ear, afar, and warily,
And cavern’d in his hand. He heard a buzz
At first, and then the sound grew soft and clear,
And then divided into what seem’d tune,
And there were words upon it, plaintive words.
He turn’d, and said, “ Echion ! do not strike
That tree : it must be hollow ; for some God
Speaks from within. Come thyself near.” Again
Both turn’d toward it : and behold ! there sat
Upon the moss below, with her two palms
Pressing it, on each side, a maid in form.
Downcast were her long eyelashes, and pale
Her cheek, but never mountain-ash display’d
Berries of colour like her lip so pure,
Nor were the anemones about her hair
Soft, smooth, and wavering like the face beneath.

“ What dost thou here ? ” Echion, half-afraid,
Half-angry, cried. She lifted up her eyes,
But nothing spake she. Rhaicos drew one step
Backward, for fear came likewise over him,
But not such fear : he panted, gaspt, drew in

His breath, and would have turn'd it into words,
But could not into one.

“ O send away
That sad old man ! ” said she. The old man went
Without a warning from his master’s son,
Glad to escape, for sorely he now fear’d,
✓ And the axe shone behind him in their eyes.

Ham. And wouldest thou too shed the most innocent
Of blood ? no vow demands it ; no God wills
The oak to bleed.

Rhaicos. Who art thou ? whence ? why here ?
And whither wouldest thou go ? Among the robed
In white or saffron, or the hue that most
Resembles dawn or the clear sky, is none
Array’d as thou art. What so beautiful
As that gray robe which clings about thee close,
Like moss to stones adhering, leaves to trees,
Yet lets thy bosom rise and fall in turn,
As, toucht by zephyrs, fall and rise the boughs
Of graceful platan by the river-side.

Hamadryad. Lovest thou well thy father’s house ?

Rhaicos.

Indeed

I love it, well I love it, yet would leave
 For thine, where'er it be, my father's house,
 With all the marks upon the door, that show
 My growth at every birth-day since the third,
 And all the charms, o'erpowering evil eyes,
 My mother nail'd for me against my bed,
 And the Cydonian bow (which thou shalt see)
 Won in my race last spring from Eutychos.

Hamadryad. Bethink thee what it is to leave a home
 Thou never yet hast left, one night, one day.

Rhaicos. No, 'tis not hard to leave it ; 'tis not hard
 To leave, O maiden, that paternal home,
 If there be one on earth whom we may love
 First, last, for ever ; one who says that she
 Will love for ever too. To say which word,
 Only to say it, surely is enough . . .
 It shows such kindness . . if 'twere possible
 We at the moment think she would indeed.

Hamadryad. Who taught thee all this folly at thy age ?

Rhaicos. I have seen lovers and have learnt to love.

Hamadryad. But wilt thou spare the tree ?

Rhaicos.

My father wants

The bark ; the tree may hold its place awhile.

Ham. Awhile ? thy father numbers then my days ?

Rhaicos. Are there no others where the moss beneath
Is quite as tufty ? Who would send thee forth
Or ask thee why thou tarriest ? Is thy flock
Anywhere near ?

Hamadryad. I have no flock : I kill
Nothing that breathes, that stirs, that feels the air,
The sun, the dew. Why should the beautiful
(And thou art beautiful) disturb the source
Whence springs all beauty ? Hast thou never heard
Of Hamadryads ?

Rhaicos. Heard of them I have :

Tell me some tale about them. May I sit
Beside thy feet ? Art thou not tired ? The herbs
Are very soft ; I will not come too nigh ;
Do but sit there, nor tremble so, nor doubt.
Stay, stay an instant : let me first explore
If any acorn of last year be left
Within it ; thy thin robe too ill protects
Thy dainty limbs against the harm one small
Acorn may do. Here 's none. Another day

Trust me : till then let me sit opposite.

Hamadryad. I seat me ; be thou seated, and content.

Rhaicos. O sight for gods ! Ye men below ! adore
The Aphroditè. *Is* she there below ?
Or sits she here before me ? as she sate
Before the shepherd on those highths that shade
The Hellespont, and brought his kindred woe.

Ham. Reverence the higher Powers ; nor deem amiss
Of her who pleads to thee, and would repay . . .
Ask not how much . . but very much. Rise not :
No, Rhaicos, no ! Without the nuptial vow
Love is unholy. Swear to me that none
Of mortal maids shall ever taste thy kiss,
Then take thou mine ; then take it, not before.

Rhaicos. Hearken, all gods above ! O Aphroditè !
O Herè ! let my vow be ratified !
But wilt thou come into my father's house ?

Hamadryad. Nay : and of mine I cannot give thee part.

Rhaicos. Where is it ?

Hamadryad. In this oak.

Rhaicos. Ay ; now begins
The tale of Hamadryad : tell it through.

Hamadryad. Pray of thy father never to cut down
 My tree ; and promise him, as well thou mayst,
 That every year he shall receive from me
 More honey than will buy him nine fat sheep,
 More wax than he will burn to all the gods.
 Why faldest thou upon thy face ? Some thorn
 May scratch it, rash young man ! Rise up ; for shame !

Rhaicos. For shame I can not rise. O pity me !
 I dare not sue for love . . but do not hate !
 Let me once more behold thee . . not once more,
 But many days : let me love on . . unloved !
 ✓ I aimed too high : on my own head the bolt
 Falls back, and pierces to the very brain.

Hamadryad. Go . . rather go, than make me say I love.
Rhaicos. If happiness is immortality,
 (And whence enjoy it else the gods above ?)
 I am immortal too : my vow is heard . .
 Hark ! on the left . . Nay, turn not from me now,
 I claim my kiss.

Hamadryad. Do men take first, then claim ?
 Do thus the seasons run their course with them ?

Her lips were seal'd ; her head sank on his breast.
'Tis said that laughs were heard within the wood :
But who should hear them? . . and whose laughs? and why?
Savoury was the smell and long past noon,
Thallinos ! in thy house ; for marjoram
Basil and mint, and thyme and rosemary,
Were sprinkled on the kid's well roasted length,
Awaiting Rhaicos. Home he came at last,
Not hungry, but pretending hunger keen,
With head and eyes just o'er the maple plate.
" Thou seest but badly, coming from the sun,
Boy Rhaicos ! " said the father. " That oak's bark
Must have been tough, with little sap between ;
It ought to run ; but it and I are old."
Rhaicos, although each morsel of the bread
Increast by chewing, and the meat grew cold
And tasteless to his palate, took a draught
Of gold-bright wine, which, thirsty as he was,
He thought not of, until his father fill'd
The cup, averring water was amiss,
But wine had been at all times pour'd on kid . .
It was religion.

He, thus fortified,
 Said, not quite boldly, and not quite abash'd,
 " Father, that oak is Jove's own tree : that oak
 Year after year will bring thee wealth from wax
 And honey. There is one who fears the gods
 And the gods love . . . that one "

(He blusht, nor said

What one)

" has promist this, and may do more.
 Thou hast not many moons to wait until
 The bees have done their best : if then there come
 Nor wax nor honey, let the tree be hewn."

" Zeus hath bestow'd on thee a prudent mind,"
 Said the glad sire : " but look thou often there,
 And gather all the honey thou canst find
 In every crevice, over and above
 What has been promist ; would they reckon that ? "

Rhaicos went daily ; and the nymph as oft,
 Invisible. To play at love, she knew,
 Stopping its breathings when it breathes most soft,
 Is sweeter than to play on any pipe.
 She play'd on his : she fed upon his sighs :

They pleased her when they gently waved her hair,
Cooling the pulses of her purple veins,
And when her absence brought them out, they pleased.
Even among the fondest of them all,
What mortal or immortal maid is more
Content with giving happiness than pain ?
One day he was returning from the wood
Despondently. She pitied him, and said
“ Come back ! ” and twined her fingers in the hem
Above his shoulder. Then she led his steps
To a cool rill that ran o'er level sand
Through lentisk and through oleander, there
Bathed she his feet, lifting them on her lap
When bathed, and drying them in both her hands.
He dared complain ; for those who most are loved
Most dare it ; but not harsh was his complaint.
“ O thou inconstant ! ” said he, “ if stern law
Bind thee, or will, stronger than sternest law,
O, let me know henceforward when to hope
The fruit of love that grows for me but here.”
He spake ; and pluckt it from its pliant stem.
“ Impatient Rhaicos ! why thus intercept

The answer I would give ? There is a bee
Whom I have fed, a bee who knows my thoughts
And executes my wishes : I will send
That messenger. If ever thou art false,
Drawn by another, own it not, but drive
My bee away : then shall I know my fate,
And .. for thou must be wretched .. weep at thine.
But often as my heart persuades to lay
Its cares on thine and throb itself to rest,
Expect her with thee, whether it be morn
Or eve, at any time when woods are safe."

Day after day the Hours beheld them blest,
And season after season : years had past,
Blest were they still. He who asserts that Love
Ever is sated of sweet things, the same
Sweet things he fretted for in earlier days,
Never, by Zeus ! loved he a Hamadryad.

The nights had now grown longer, and perhaps
The Hamadryads find them lone and dull
Among their woods ; one did, alas ! She called

Her faithful bee : 'twas when all bees should sleep,
And all did sleep but hers. She was sent forth
To bring that light which never wintry blast
Blows out, nor rain nor snow extinguishes,
The light that shines from loving eyes upon
Eyes that love back, till they can see no more.

Rhaicos was sitting at his father's hearth :
Between them stood the table, not o'erspred
With fruits which autumn now profusely bore,
Nor anise-cakes, nor odorous wine ; but there
The draft-board was expanded ; at which game
Triumphant sat old Thallinos ; the son
Was puzzled, vext, discomfited, distraught.
A buzz was at his ear : up went his hand,
And it was heard no longer. The poor bee
Return'd (but not until the morn shone bright)
And found the Hamadryad with her head
Upon her aching wrist, and show'd one wing
Half-broken off, the other's meshes marr'd,
And there were bruises which no eye could see
Saving a Hamadryad's.

At this sight
Down fell the languid brow, both hands fell down,
A shriek was carried to the ancient hall
Of Thallinos : he heard it not ; his son
Heard it, and ran forthwith into the wood.
No bark was on the tree, no leaf was green,
The trunk was riven through. From that day forth
Nor word nor whisper sooth'd his ear, nor sound
Even of insect wing : but loud laments
The woodmen and the shepherds one long year
Heard day and night ; for Rhaicos would not quit
The solitary place, but moan'd and died.

Hence milk and honey wonder not, O guest,
To find set duly on the hollow stone.

IX. ACON AND RHODOPE; OR, INCONSTANCY.

The Year's twelve daughters had in turn gone by,
Of measured pace tho' varying mien all twelve,
Some foward, some sedater, some adorn'd
For festival, some reckless of attire.

The snow had left the mountain-top ; fresh flowers
Had withered in the meadow ; fig and prune
Hung wrinkling ; the last apple glow'd amid
Its freckled leaves ; and weary oxen blinkt
Between the trodden corn and twisted vine,
Under whose bunches stood the empty crate,
To creak ere long beneath them carried home.

This was the season when twelve months before,
O gentle Hamadryad, true to love !
Thy mansion, thy dim mansion in the wood
Was blasted and laid desolate : but none
Dared violate its precincts, none dared pluck
The moss beneath it, which alone remain'd
Of what was thine.

Old Thallinos sat mute
In solitary sadness. The strange tale

(Not until Rhaicos died, but then the whole)
Echion had related, whom no force
Could ever make look back upon the oaks.
The father said " Echion ! thou must weigh,
Carefully, and with steddy hand, enough
(Although no longer comes the store as once !)
Of wax to burn all day and night upon
That hollow stone where milk and honey lie :
So may the Gods, so may the dead, be pleas'd ! "
Thallinos bore it thither in the morn,
And lighted it and left it.

First of those

Who visited upon this solemn day
The Hamadryad's oak, were Rhodope
And Acon ; of one age, one hope, one trust.
Graceful was she as was the nymph whose fate
She sorrowed for : he slender, pale, and first
Lapt by the flame of love : his father's lands
Were fertile, herds lowed over them afar.
Now stood the two aside the hollow stone
And lookt with stedfast eyes toward the oak
Shivered and black and bare.

“ May never we
Love as they loved ! ” said Acon. She at this
Smiled, for he said not what he meant to say,
And thought not of its bliss, but of its end.
He caught the flying smile, and blusht, and vow’d
Nor time nor other power, whereto the might
Of love hath yielded and may yield again,
Should alter his.

The father of the youth
Wanted not beauty for him, wanted not
Song, that could lift earth’s weight from off his heart,
Discretion, that could guide him thro’ the world,
Innocence, that could clear his way to heaven ;
Silver and gold and land, not green before
The ancestral gate, but purple under skies
Bending far off, he wanted for his heir.

Fathers have given life, but virgin heart
They never gave ; and dare they then controll
Or check it harshly ? dare they break a bond
Girt round it by the holiest Power on high ?

Acon was grieved, he said, grieved bitterly,
But Acon had complied . . . ‘twas dutiful !

Crush thy own heart, Man ! Man ! but fear to wound
The gentler, that relies on thee alone,
By thee created, weak or strong by thee ;
Touch it not but for worship ; watch before
Its sanctuary ; nor leave it till are closed
The temple-doors and the last lamp is spent.

Rhodope, in her soul's waste solitude,
Sate mournful by the dull-resounding sea,
Often not hearing it, and many tears
Had the cold breezes hardened on her cheek.
Meanwhile he sauntered in the wood of oaks,
Nor shun'd to look upon the hollow stone
That held the milk and honey, nor to lay
His plighted hand where recently 'twas laid
Opposite hers, when finger playfully
Advanced and pusht back finger, on each side.
He did not think of this, as she would do
If she were there alone.

The day was hot ;
The moss invited him ; it cool'd his cheek,
It cool'd his hands ; he thrust them into it
And sank to slumber. Never was there dream

Divine as his. He saw the Hamadryad.
She took him by the arm and led him on
Along a valley, where profusely grew
The smaller lilies with their pendent bells,
And, hiding under mint, chill drosera,
The violet shy of butting cyclamen,
The feathery fern, and, browser of moist banks,
Her offspring round her, the soft strawberry ;
The quivering spray of ruddy tamarisk,
The oleander's light-hair'd progeny
Breathing bright freshness in each other's face,
And graceful rose, bending her brow, with cup
Of fragrance and of beauty, boon for Gods.
The fragrance fill'd his breast with such delight
His senses were bewildered, and he thought
He saw again the face he most had loved.
He stopt : the Hamadryad at his side
Now stood between ; then drew him farther off :
He went, compliant as before : but soon
Verdure had ceast : altho' the ground was smooth,
Nothing was there delightful. At this change
He would have spoken, but his guide represt

All questioning, and said,

“ Weak youth ! what brought
 Thy footstep to this wood, my native haunt,
 My life-long residence ? this bank, where first
 I sate with him . . the faithful (now I know,
 Too late !) the faithful Rhaicos. Haste thee home ;
 Be happy, if thou canst ; but come no more
 Where those whom death alone could sever, died.”

He started up : the moss whereon he slept
 Was dried and withered : deadlier paleness spred
 Over his cheek ; he sickened : and the sire
 Had land enough ; it held his only son.

X. SOPHOCLES TO POSEIDON.

The colours of thy waves are not the same
 Day after day, Poseidon ! nor the same
 The fortunes of the land wherefrom arose
 Under thy trident the brave friend of man.
 Wails have been heard from women, sterner breasts
 Have sounded with the desperate pang of grief,
 Grey hairs have strown these rocks : here Ægeus cried,

“ O Sun ! careering over Sipylus,

If desolation (worse than ever there
Befell the mother and those heads her own
Would shelter when the deadly darts flew round)
Impend not o'er my house in gloom so long,
Let one swift cloud illumin'd by thy chariot
Sweep off the darkness from that doubtful sail."

Deeper and deeper came the darkness down ;
The sail itself was heard ; his eyes grew dim ;
His knees tottered beneath him, but availed
To bear him till he plunged into the deep.

Sound, fifes ! there is a youthfulness of sound
In your shrill voices : sound again, ye lips
That Mars delights in. I will look no more
Into the time behind for idle goads
To stimulate faint fancies : hope itself
Is bounded by the starry zone of glory.
On one bright point we gaze, one wish we breathe.

Athens ! be ever as thou art this hour,
Happy and strong, a Pericles thy guide.

XI. ENALLOS AND CYMODAMEIA.

A vision came o'er three young men at once,
A vision of Apollo : each had heard
The same command ; each followed it ; all three
Assembled on one day before the God
In Lycia, where he gave his oracle.
Bright shone the morning ; and the birds that build
Their nests beneath the column-heads of fanes
And eaves of humbler habitations, dropt
From under them and wheel'd athwart the sky,
When, silently and reverently, the youths
Marcht side by side up the long steps that led
Toward the awful God who dwelt within.
Of those three youths fame hath held fast, the name
Of one alone ; nor would that name survive
Unless Love had sustain'd it, and blown off
With his impatient breath the mists of time.
" Ye come," the God said mildly, " of one will
To people what is desert in the isle

Of Lemnos. But strong men possess its shores ;
Nor shall you execute the brave emprise
Unless, on the third day from going forth,
To him who rules the waters ye devote
A virgin, cast into the sea alive."

They heard, and lookt in one another's face,
And then bent piously before the shrine
With prayer and praises and thanksgiving hymn,
And, after a short silence, went away,
Taking each other's hand and swearing truth,
Then to the ship in which they came, return'd.
Two of the youths were joyous, one was sad ;
Sad was Enallos ; yet those two by none
Were loved ; Enallos had already won
Cymodameia, and the torch was near.
By night, by day, in company, alone,
The image of the maiden fill'd his breast
To the heart's brim. Ah ! therefore did that heart
So sink within him.

They have sail'd ; they reach
Their home again. Sires, matrons, maidens, throng
The plashing port, to watch the gather'd sail,

And who springs first and farthest upon shore.
Enallos came the latest from the deck.
Swift ran the rumour what the God had said,
And fearful were the maidens, who before
Had urged the sailing of the youths they loved,
That they might give their hands, and have their homes,
And nurse their children ; and more thoughts perhaps
Led up to these, and even ran before.
But they persuaded easily their wooers
To sail without them, and return again
When they had seiz'd the virgin on the way.
Cymodameia dreamt three nights, the three
Before their fresh departure, that her own
Enallos had been cast into the deep,
And she had saved him. She alone embarkt
Of all the maidens, and unseen by all,
And hid herself before the break of day
Among the cloaks and fruits piled high aboard.
But when the noon was come, and the repast
Was call'd for, there they found her. Not quite stern,
But more than sad, Enallos lookt upon her.
Forebodings shook him : hopes rais'd *her*, and love

Warm'd the clear cheek while she wiped off the spray.
Kindly were all to her and dutiful ;
And she slept soundly mid the leaves of figs
And vines, and far as far could be apart.

Now the third morn had risen, and the day
Was dark, and gusts of wind and hail and fogs
Perplexed them : land they saw not yet, nor knew
Where land was lying. Sudden lightnings blazed,
Thunder-claps rattled round them. The pale crew
Howl'd for the victim. "Seize her, or we sink."

O maid of Pindus ! I would linger here
To lave my eyelids at the nearest rill,
For thou hast made me weep, as oft thou hast,
Where thou and I, apart from living men,
And two or three crags higher, sate and sang.
Ah ! must I, seeing ill my way, proceed ? /
And thy voice too, Cymodameia ! thine
Comes back upon me, helpless as thyself
In this extremity. Sad words ! sad words !
"O save me ! save ! Let me not die so young !
Loving you so ! Let me not cease to see you ?"
Thou claspedest the youth who would have died

To have done less than save thee. Thus he prayed.
“ O God ! who givest light to all the world,
Take not from me what makes that light most blessed !
Grant me, if 'tis forbidden me to save
This hapless helpless sea-devoted maid,
To share with her (and bring no curses up
From outraged Neptune) her appointed fate !”
They wrung her from his knee ; they hurl'd her down
(Clinging in vain at the hard slippery pitch)
Into the whitening wave. But her long hair
Scarcely had risen up again, before
Another plunge was heard, another form
Clove the strait line of bubbling foam, direct
As ringdove after ringdove. Groans from all
Burst, for the roaring sea ingulph't them both.
Onward the vessel flew ; the skies again
Shone bright, and thunder roll'd along, not wroth,
But gently murmuring to the white-wing'd sails.
Lemnos at close of evening was in sight.
The shore was won ; the fields markt out ; and roofs
Collected the dun wings that seek house-fare ;
And presently the ruddy-bosom'd guest

Of winter, knew the doors : then infant cries
Were heard within ; and lastly, tottering steps
Pattered along the image-stationed hall.

Ay, three full years had come and gone again,
And often, when the flame on windy nights
Suddenly flicker'd from the mountain-ash
Piled high, men pusht almost from under them
The bench on which they talkt about the dead.
Meanwhile beneficent Apollo saw
With his bright eyes into the sea's calm depth,
And there he saw Enallos, there he saw
Cymodameia. Gravely-gladsome light
Environed them with its eternal green :
And many nymphs sate round : one blew aloud
The spiral shell ; one drew bright chords across
Shell more expansive ; tenderly a third
With cowering lip hung o'er the flute, and stopt
At will its dulcet sob, or waked to joy ;
A fourth took up the lyre and pincht the strings,
Invisible by trembling : many rais'd
Clear voices. Thus they spent their happy hours.
I know them all ; but all with eyes downcast,

Conscious of loving, have entreated me
I would not utter now their names above.
Behold, among these natives of the sea
There stands but one young man : how fair ! how fond !
Ah ! were he fond to *them* ! It may not be !
Yet did they tend him morn and eve ; by night
They also watcht his slumbers : then they heard
His sighs, nor his alone ; for there were two
To whom the watch was hateful. In despair
Upward he rais'd his arms, and thus he prayed.
“ O Phœbus ! on the higher world alone
Showerest thou all thy blessings ? Great indeed
Hath been thy favour to me, great to her ;
But she pines inly, and calls beautiful
More than herself the Nymphs she sees around,
And asks me ‘ Are they not more beautiful ? ’
Be all more beautiful, be all more blest,
But not with me ! Release her from the sight ;
Restore her to a happier home, and dry
With thy pure beams, above, her bitter tears ! ”

She saw him in the action of his prayer,
Troubled, and ran to soothe him. From the ground,

Ere she had claspt his neck, her feet were borne.
He caught her robe ; and its white radiance rose
Rapidly, all day long, through the green sea.
Enallos loost not from that robe his grasp,
But spann'd one ankle too. The swift ascent
Had stunn'd them into slumber, sweet, ser'ne,
Invigorating her, nor letting loose
The lover's arm below ; albeit at last
It closed those eyes intently fixt thereon,
And stil as fixt in dreaming. Both were cast
Upon an island till'd by peaceful men
And few . . . no port nor road accessible . . .
Fruitful and green as the abode they left,
And warm with summer, warm with love and song.
'Tis said that some, whom most Apollo loves,
Have seen that island, guided by his light ;
And others have gone near it, but a fog
Rose up between them and the lofty rocks ;
Yet they relate they saw it quite as well,
And shepherd-boys and credulous hinds believe.

XII. THE DEATH OF ARTEMIDORA.

“Artemidora ! Gods invisible,
While thou art lying faint along the couch,
Have tied the sandal to thy slender feet
And stand beside thee, ready to convey
Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.
Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness
Away, and voices like thy own come near
And nearer, and solicit an embrace.”

Artemidora sigh'd, and would have prest
The hand now pressing her's, but was too weak.
Iris stood over her dark hair unseen
While thus Elpenor spake. He lookt into
Eyes that had given light and life erewhile
To those above them, but now dim with tears
And wakefulness. Again he spake of joy
Eternal. At that word, that sad word, *joy*,
Faithful and fond her bosom heav'd once more :
Her head fell back : and now a loud deep sob
Swell'd thro' the darken'd chamber ; 'twas not hers.

XIII. MENELAUS AND HELEN AT TROY.

An old attendant deprecates and intercepts his vengeance.

Men. Out of my way ! Off ! or my sword may smite thee,
Heedless of venerable age. And thou,
Fugitive ! stop. Stand, traitress, on that stair . .
Thou mountest not another, by the Gods !
Now take the death thou meritest, the death
Zeus who presides o'er hospitality,
And every other god whom thou hast left,
And every other who abandons thee
In this accursed city, sends at last.
Turn, vilest of vile slaves ! turn, paramour
Of what all other women hate, of cowards,
Turn, lest this hand wrench back thy head, and toss
It and its odours to the dust and flames.

Helen. Welcome the death thou promisest ! Not fear
But shame, obedience, duty, make me turn.

Menelaus. Duty ! false harlot !

Helen. Name too true ! severe

Precursor to the blow that is to fall,
It should alone suffice for killing me.

Menelaus. Ay, weep: be not the only one in Troy
Who wails not on this day . . . its last . . . the day
Thou and thy crimes darken with dead on dead.

Helen. Spare ! spare ! O let the last that falls be me !
There are but young and old.

Menelaus. There are but guilty
Where thou art, and the sword strikes none amiss.
Hearest thou not the creeping blood buzz near
Like flies ? or wouldest thou rather hear it hiss
Louder, against the flaming roofs thrown down
Wherewith the streets are pathless ? Ay, but vengeance
Springs over all ; and Nemesis and Atè
Drove back the flying ashes with both hands.
I never saw thee weep till now : and now
There is no pity in thy tears. The tiger
Leaves not her young athirst for the first milk,
As thou didst. Thine could scarce have claspt thy knee
If she had felt thee leave her.

Helen. O my child !
My only one ! thou livest : 'tis enough ;

Hate me, abhor me, curse me . . . these are duties . . .
Call me but Mother in the shades of death !
She now is twelve years old, when the bud swells
And the first colours of uncertain life
Begin to tinge it.

Menelaus (aside). Can she think of home ?
Hers once, mine yet, and sweet Hermione's !
Is there one spark that cheer'd my hearth, one left,
For thee, my last of love !

Scorn, righteous scorn
Blows it from me . . . but thou mayst . . . never, never.
Thou shalt not see her even there. The slave
On earth shall scorn thee, and the damn'd below.

Helen. Delay not either fate. If death is mercy,
Send me among the captives ; so that Zeus
May see his offspring led in chains away,
And thy hard brother, pointing with his sword
At the last wretch that crouches on the shore,
Cry, " She alone shall never sail for Greece ! "

Menelaus. Hast thou more words ?
Her voice is musical
As the young maids who sing to Artemis :

How glossy is that yellow braid my grasp
Seiz'd and let loose ! Ah ! can then years have past
Since but the children of the Gods, like them,
Suffer not age.

Helen ! speak honestly,
And thus escape my vengeance . . . was it force
That bore thee off ?

Helen. It was some evil God.

Menelaus. Helping that hated man ?

Helen. How justly hated !

Menelaus. By thee too ?

Helen. Hath he not made *thee* unhappy ?

O do not strike.

Menelaus. Wretch !

Helen. Strike, but do not speak.

Menelaus. Lest thou remember me against thy will.

Helen. Lest I look up and see you wroth and sad,
Against my will ; O ! how against my will
They know above, they who perhaps can pity.

Menelaus. They shall not save thee.

Helen. Then indeed they pity

Menelaus. Prepare for death.

Helen. Not from that hand : 'twould pain you.

Menelaüs. Touch not my hand. Easily dost thou drop it!

Helen. Easy are all things, do but thou command.

Menelaüs. Look up then.

Helen. To the hardest proof of all
I am now bidden : bid me not look up.

Menelaüs. She looks as when I led her on behind
The torch and fife, and when the blush o'ersprad
Her girlish face at tripping in the myrtle
On the first step before the wreathed gate.
Approach me. Fall not on thy knees.

Helen. The hand
That is to slay me, best may slay me thus.
I dare no longer see the light of heaven,
Nor thine . . alas ! the light of heaven to me.

Menelaüs. Follow me.

She holds out both arms . . and now
Drops them again . . She comes . . Why stoppest thou ?

Helen. O Menelaüs ! could thy heart know mine,
As once it did . . for then did they converse,
Generous the one, the other not unworthy . .
Thou wouldest find sorrow deeper even than guilt.

Menelaüs. And must I lead her by the hand again ?
 Nought shall persuade me. Never. She draws back . . .
 The true alone and loving sob like her.

Come, Helen ! [*He takes her hand.*]

Helen. Oh ! let never Greek see this !
 Hide me from Argos, from Amyclai hide me,
 Hide me from all.

Menelaüs. Thy anguish is too strong
 For me to strive with.

Helen. Leave it all to me.

Menel. Peace! peace! The wind, I hope, is fair for Sparta.

XIV. CHRYSAOR.

Come, I beseech ye, Muses ! who, retired
 Deep in the shady glens by Helicon,
 Yet know the realms of Ocean, know the laws
 Of his wide empire, and throughout his court
 Know every Nymph, and call them each by name ;
 Who from your sacred mountain see afar
 O'er earth and heaven, and hear and memorise

The crimes of men and counsels of the Gods ;
Sing of those crimes and of those counsels, sing
Of Gades sever'd from the fruitful main,
And what befell, and from what mighty hand,
Chrysaor, wielder of the golden sword.

'Twas when the high Olympus shook with fear,
Lest all his temples, all his groves, be crush'd
By Pelion piled on Ossa : but the sire
Of mortals and immortals waved his arm
Around, and all below was wild dismay :
Again ; 'twas agony : again ; 'twas peace.
Chrysaor stil in Gades tarrying,
Hurl'd into ether, tinging, as it flew,
With sudden fire the clouds round Saturn's throne,
No pine surrendered by retreating Pan,
Nor ash, nor poplar pale : but swoln with pride
Stood towering from the citadel ; his spear
One hand was rested on, and one with rage
Shut hard, and firmly fixt against his side ;
His frowning visage, flush'd with insolence,
Rais'd up oblique to heaven. " O thou," he cried,
" Whom nations kneel to, not whom nations know,

Hear me, and answer, if indeed thou canst,
The last appeal I deign thee or allow.
Tell me, and quickly, why should I adore,
Adored myself by millions ? why invoke,
Invoked with all thy attributes ? Men wrong
By their prostrations, prayers, and sacrifice,
Either the gods, their rulers, or themselves :
But flame and thunder fright them from the Gods ;
They can not, dare not, they are ours ;
Us, dare they, can they, *us* ? But triumph, Jove !
Man for one moment hath engaged his lord,
Henceforth let merchants value him, not kings.
No ! lower thy scepter, and hear Atrobal,
And judge aright to whom men sacrifice.
' My children,' said the sage and pious priest,
' Mark there the altar ! though the fumes aspire
Twelve cubits ere a nostril they regale,
'Tis myrrh for Titans, 'tis but air for Gods.'
Time changes, Nature changes, I am changed !
Fronting the furious luster of the sun,
I yielded to his piercing swift-shot beams
Only when quite meridian, then abased

These orbits to the ground, and there survey'd
My shadow : strange and horrid to relate !
My very shadow almost disappear'd !
Restore it, or by earth and hell I swear
With blood enough will I refascinate
The cursed incantation : thou restore,
And largely ; or my brethren, all combined,
Shall rouse thee from thy lethargies, and drive
Far from thy cloud-soft pillow, minion-prest,
Those leering lassitudes that follow Love."

The smile of disappointment and disdain
Sat sallow on his pausing lip half-closed ;
But, neither headlong importunity
Nor gibing threat of reed-prop't insolence
Let loose the blast of vengeance : heaven shone bright,
And proud Chrysaor spurn'd the prostrate land.
But the triumphant Thunderer, now mankind
(Criminal mostly for enduring crimes)
Provoked his indignation, thus besought
His trident-sceptered brother, triton-borne.
" O Neptune ! cease henceforward to repine.

They are not cruel, no ; the Destinies
Intent upon their loom, unoccupied
With aught beyond its moody murmuring sound,
Will neither see thee weep nor hear thee sigh :
And wherefore weep, O Neptune, wherefore sigh !
Ambition ? 'tis unworthy of a God,
Unworthy of a brother ! I am Jove,
Thou Neptune : happier in uncitied realms,
In coral hall or grotto samphire-ceil'd,
Amid the song of Nymphs and ring of shells
Thou smoothest at thy will the pliant wave
Or liftest it to heaven. I also can
Whatever best beseems me, nor for aid
Unless I loved thee, Neptune, would I call.
Though absent, thou hast heard and hast beheld
The profanation of that monstrous race,
That race of earth-born giants ; one survives ;
The rapid-footed Rhodan mountain-rear'd
Beheld the rest defeated ; stil remain
Scatter'd throughout interminable fields,
Sandy and sultry, and each hopeless path
Choakt up with crawling briars and bristling thorns,

The flinty trophies of their foul disgrace.
Chrysaor, wielder of the golden sword,
Stil hails as brethren men of stouter heart,
But, wise confederate, shuns Phlegræan fields.
No warrior he, yet who so fond of war,
Unfeeling, scarce ferocious ; flattery's dupe,
He fancies that the gods themselves are his ;
Impious, but most in prayer. Now re-assert
Thy friendship, raise thy trident, strike the rock,
Sever him from mankind." Then thus replied
The Nymph-surrounded monarch of the main.

" Empire bemoan I not, however shared,
Nor Fortune frail, nor stubborn Fate, accuse :
No ! mortals I bemoan ! when Avarice,
Ploughing these fruitless furrows, shall awake
The basking Demons and the dormant Crimes,
Horrible, strong, resistless, and transform
Meekness to Madness, Patience to Despair.
What is Ambition ? what but Avarice ?
But Avarice in richer guise array'd,
Stalking erect, loud-spoken, lion-mien'd,
Her brow uncrost by care, but deeply markt,

And darting downward 'twixt her eyes hard-lasht
The wrinkle of command. Could ever I
So foul a fiend, so fondly too, caress ?
Judge me not harshly, judge me by my deeds."

Though seated then on Afric's further coast,
Yet sudden at his voice, so long unheard,
(For he had grieved and treasured up his grief)
With short kind greeting meet from every side
The Triton herds, and warm with melody
The azure concave of their curling shells.
Swift as an arrow, as the wind, as light,
He glided through the deep, and now arrived,
Lept from his pearly beryl-studded car.
Earth trembled : the retreating tide, black-brow'd,
Gather'd new strength, and rushing on, assail'd
The promontory's base : but when the God
Himself, resistless Neptune, struck one blow,
Rent were the rocks asunder, and the sky
Was darken'd with their fragments ere they fell.
Lygeia vocal, Zanthe yellow-hair'd,
Spio with sparkling eyes, and Beröe

Demure, and sweet Ione, youngest-born,
Of mortal race, but grown divine by song.
Had he seen playing round her placid neck
The sunny circles, braidless and unbound,
O ! who had call'd them boders of a storm !
These, and the many sister Nereids,
Forgetful of their lays and of their loves,
All unsuspicuous of the dread intent,
Stop suddenly their gambols, and with shrieks
Of terror plunge amid the closing wave ;
Yet, just above, one moment more appear
Their darken'd tresses floating in the foam.
Thrown prostrate on the earth, the Sacrilege
Rais'd up his head astounded, and accurst
The stars, the destinies, the gods ; his breast
Panted from consternation and dismay,
And pride untoward on himself o'erthrown.
From his distended nostrils issued gore
At intervals, with which his wiry locks,
Huge arms, and bulky bosom, shone beslimed :
And thrice he call'd his brethren, with a voice
More dismal than the blasts from Phlegethon

Below, that urge along ten-thousand ghosts
Wafted loud-wailing o'er the fiery tide.
But answer heard he none : the men of might
Who gather'd round him formerly, the men
Whom frozen at a frown, a smile revived,
Were far : enormous mountains interposed,
Nor ever had the veil-hung pine out-spredd
O'er Tethys then her wandering leafless shade :
Nor could he longer under winter stars
Suspend the watery journey, nor repose
Whole nights on Ocean's billowy restless bed ;
No longer, bulging through the tempest, rose
That bulky bosom ; nor those oarlike hands,
Trusted ere mortal's keenest ken conceived
The bluest shore, threw back opposing tides.
Shrunken mid brutal hair his violent veins
Subsided, yet were hideous to behold
As dragons panting in the noontide brake.
At last, absorbing deep the breath of heaven,
And stifling all within his deadly grasp,
Struggling and tearing up the glebe to turn,
And from a throat that, as it throb'd and rose,

Seem'd shaking ponderous links of dusky iron,
Uttering one anguish-forced indignant groan,
Fired with infernal rage, the spirit flew.

Nations of fair Hesperia ! lo o'erthrown
Your peace-embracing war-inciting king !
Ah ! thrice twelve years and longer ye endured,
Without one effort to rise higher, one hope
That heaven would wing the secret shaft aright,
The abomination : hence 'twas Jove's command
That many hundred, many thousand more,
Freed from one despot, yet from one unfreed,
Ye crouch unblest at Superstition's feet.
Her hath he sent among ye ; her the pest
Of men below and curse of Gods above :
Hers are the last worst tortures they inflict
On all who bend to any king but them.
Born of Sicanus in the vast abyss
Where never light descended, she survived
Her parent ; he omnipotence defied,
But thunderstruck fell headlong from the clouds ;
She, though the radiant ether overpower'd
Her eyes, accustom'd to the gloom of night,

And quencht their lurid orbs, Religion's helm
Assuming, vibrated her Stygian torch,
Til thou, Astraea ! though behind the sire's
Broad egis, trembledst on thy heavenly throne.

XV. IPHIGENEIA AND AGAMEMNON.

Iphigeneia, when she heard her doom
At Aulis, and when all beside the king
Had gone away, took his right-hand, and said,
“ O father ! I am young and very happy.
I do not think the pious Calchas heard
Distinctly what the Goddess spake. Old-age
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood
While I was resting on her knee both arms
And hitting it to make her mind my words,
And looking in her face, and she in mine,
Might not he also hear one word amiss,
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus ? ”
The father placed his cheek upon her head,

And tears dropt down it, but the king of men
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more.
“ O father ! sayst thou nothing ? Hear’st thou not
Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,
Listen’d to fondly, and awaken’d me
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
When it was inarticulate as theirs,
And the down deadened it within the nest ? ”
He moved her gently from him, silent stil,
And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,
Altho’ she saw fate nearer : then with sighs,
“ I thought to have laid down my hair before
Benignant Artemis, and not have dimm’d
Her polisht altar with my virgin blood ;
I thought to have selected the white flowers
To please the Nymphs, and to have askt of each
By name, and with no sorrowful regret,
Whether, since both my parents will’d the change,
I might at Hymen’s feet bend my clipt brow ;
And (after these who mind us girls the most)
Adore our own Athena,* that she would

* Pallas Athena was the patroness of Argos.

Regard me mildly with her azure eyes.
But, father ! to see you no more, and see
Your love, O father ! go ere I am gone . . . ”
Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,
Bending his lofty head far over her’s,
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.
He turn’d away ; not far, but silent stil.
She now first shudder’d ; for in him, so nigh,
So long a silence seem’d the approach of death,
And like it. Once again she rais’d her voice.
“ O father ! if the ships are now detain’d,
And all your vows move not the Gods above,
When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer
The less to them : and purer can there be
Any, or more fervent than the daughter’s prayer
For her dear father’s safety and success ? ”
A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.
An aged man now enter’d, and without
One word, stept slowly on, and took the wrist
Of the pale maiden. She lookt up, and saw
The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes.

Then turn'd she where her parent stood, and cried
" O father ! grieve no more : the ships can sail."

XVI. THE DEATH OF CLYTEMNESTRA.

ORESTES AND ELECTRA.

Electra. Pass on, my brother ! she awaits the wretch,
Dishonorer, despoiler, murderer . . .
None other name shall name him . . . she awaits
As would a lover . .

Heavenly Gods ! what poison
O'erflows my lips !

Adultress ! husband-slayer !
Strike her, the tigress !

Think upon our father . .
Give the sword scope . . think what a man was he,
How fond of her ! how kind to all about,
That he might gladden and teach *us* . . how proud
Of thee, Orestes ! tossing thee above
His joyous head and calling thee his crown.
Ah ! boys remember not what melts our hearts

And marks them evermore !

Bite not thy lip,

Nor tramp as an unsteddy colt the ground,

Nor stare against the wall, but think again

How better than all fathers was our father.

Go . .

Orestes. Loose me then ! for this white hand, Electra,
Hath fastened upon mine with fiercer grasp
Than mine can grasp the sword.

Electra. Go, sweet Orestes !

I knew not I was holding thee . . Avenge him !

(*Alone.*) How he sprang from me !

. . Sure, he now has reacht
The room before the bath . .

The bath-door creaks !

. It hath creakt thus since he . . since thou, O father !
Ever since thou didst loosen its strong valves,
Either with all thy dying weight, or strength
Agonised with her stabs . .

What plunge was that ?

Ah me !

. . What groans are those ?

Orestes (returning.) They sound through hell
 Rejoicing the Eumenides.*

She slew
 Our father ; she made thee the scorn of slaves ;
 Me (son of him who ruled this land and more)
 She made an outcast . . .

Would I had been so
 For ever ! ere such vengeance . . .

Electra. O that Zeus
 Had let thy arm fall sooner at thy side
 Without those drops ! list ! they are audible . . .
 For they are many . . from the sword's point falling,
 And down from the mid blade !

Too rash Orestes !
 Couldst thou not then have spared our wretched mother ?

Orestes. The Gods could not.

Electra. She was not theirs, Orestes.

* An ancient scholiast has recorded that the name of Eumenides was given to these Goddesses after the expiation of Orestes. But Catullus (called the *learned* by his countrymen) represents Ariadne invoking them by this appellation long before the Trojan war. The verses are the most majestic in the Roman language.

Eumenides ! quarum anguineis redimita capillis
 Frons expirantes præportat pectoris iras,
 Huic, huc adventate ! &c.

Orestes. And didst not thou . .

Electra. 'Twas I, 'twas I, who did it ;
Of our unhappiest house the most unhappy !
Under this roof, by every God accurst,
There is no grief, there is no guilt, but mine.

Orestes. Electra ! no !

'Tis now my time to suffer . .
Mine be, with all its pangs, the righteous deed.

XVII. THE MADNESS OF ORESTES.

ORESTES AND ELECTRA.

Orestes. Heavy and murderous dreams, O my Electra,
Have dragged me from myself.

Is this Mycenai ?

Are we . . . are all who should be . . . in our house ?
Living ? unhurt ? our father here ? our mother ?
Why that deep gasp ? for 'twas not sigh nor groan.
She then . . . 'twas she who fell ! when ? how ? beware !
No, no, speak out at once, that my full heart
May meet it, and may share with thee in all . .
In all . . . but that one thing.

It was a dream.

We may share all.

They live ? both live ?

O say it !

Electra. The Gods have placed them from us, and
there rolls

Between us that dark river . . .

Orestes. Blood ! blood ! blood !

I see it roll ; I see the hand above it,

Imploring ; I see *her*.

Hiss me not back,

Ye snake-hair'd maids ! I will look on ; I will

Hear the words gurgle thro' that cursed stream,

And catch that hand . . . that hand . . . which slew my father !

It can not be how could it slay my father ?

Death to the slave who spoke it ! . . . slay my father !

It tost me up to him to earn a smile,

And was a smile then such a precious boon,

And royal state and proud affection nothing ?

Ay, and thee too, Electra, she once taught

To take the sceptre from him at the door . .

Not the bath-door, not the bath-door, mind that ! . .
And place it in the vestibule, against
The spear of Pallas, where it used to stand.
Where is it now ? methinks I missed it there.
How we have trembled to be seen to move it !
Both looking up, lest that stern face should frown
Which always gazed on Zeus right opposite.
O ! could but one tear more fall from my eyes,
It would shake off those horrid visages
And melt them into air.

I am not yours,
Fell Goddesses ! A just and generous Power,
A bright-hair'd God, directed me.

And thus
Abased is he whom such a God inspired ! .
(*After a pause.*)
Into whose kingdom went they ? did they go
Together ?
Electra. Oh ! they were not long apart.
Orestes. I know why thou art pale ; I know whose head
Thy flower-like hands have garlanded ; I know

For whom thou hast unbraided all thy love.
He well deserves it . . . he shall have it all.
Glory and love shall crown thee, my brave sister !

Electra. I am not she of Sparta. Let me live
(If live I must, Orestes !) not unnamed
Nor named too often. Speak no more of love,
Ill-omen'd and opprobrious in this house . . .
A mother should have had, a father had it,
O may a brother let it dwell with him,
Unchangeable, unquestioned, solitary,
Strengthened and hallowed in the depths of grief !
Gaze not so angrily . . I dare not see thee,
I dare not look where comfort should be found.

Orestes. I dare and do behold them all day long,
And, were that face away so like my mother's,
I would advance and question and compell them . .
They hear me and they know it.

Electra. Hear me too,
Ye mighty ones ! to me invisible !
And spare him ! spare him ! for without the Gods
He wrought not what he wrought : And are not ye
Partakers of their counsels and their power ?

O spare the son of him whom ye and they
Sent against Ilion, to perform your will
And bid the rulers of the earth be just.

Orestes. And dare they frighten thee too? frighten thee?
And bend thee into prayer ?

Off, hateful eyes !

Look upon me, not her.

Ay, thus ; 'tis well.

Cheer, cheer thee, my Electra !

I am strong,
Stronger than ever . . . steel, fire, adamant . . .
But can not bear thy brow upon my neck,
Can not bear these wild writhings, these loud sobs.
By all the Gods ! I think thou art half-mad . . .
I must away . . . follow me not . . . stand there !

XVIII. THE PRAYER OF ORESTES.

Orestes. O king Apollo ! God Apollo ! God
Powerful to smite and powerful to preserve !
If there is blood upon me, as there seems,

Purify that black stain (thou only canst)
With every rill that bubbles from these caves
Audibly ; and come willing to the work.
No ; 'tis not they ; 'tis blood ; 'tis blood again
That bubbles in my ear, that shakes the shades
Of thy dark groves, and lets in hateful gleams,
Bringing me . . . what dread sight ! what sounds abhor'd !
What screams ! They are my mother's : 'tis her eye
That through the snakes of those three furies glares,
And makes them hold their peace that she may speak.
Has thy voice bidden them all forth ? There slink
Some that would hide away, but must turn back,
And others like blue lightnings bound along
From rock to rock ; and many hiss at me
As they draw nearer. Earth, fire, water, all
Abominate the deed the Gods commanded !
Alas ! I come to pray, not to complain ;
And lo ! my speech is impious as my deed !

PRIESTESS OF APOLLO.

Take refuge here amid our Delphian shades,
O troubled breast !

Here the most pious of Mycenai's maids
Shall watch thy rest
And wave the cooling laurel o'er thy brow,
Nor insect swarm
Shall ever break thy slumbers, nor shalt thou
Start at the alarm
Of boys infesting (as they do) the street
With mocking songs,
Stopping and importuning all they meet,
And heaping wrongs
Upon thy diadem'd and sacred head,
Worse than when base
Œgisthus (shudder not !) his toils outspred
Around thy race.
Altho' even in this fane the fitful blast
Thou may'st hear roar,
Thy name among our highest rocks shall last
For evermore.

Orestes. A calm comes over me : life brings it not
With any of its tides : my end is near.

O Priestess of the purifying



Receive her ! * and when she hath closed mine eyes,
Do thou (weep not, my father's child !) close hers.

XIX. THE SHADES OF AGAMEMNON AND OF
IPHIGENEIA.

Iphigeneia. Father ! I now may lean upon your breast,
And you with unreverted eyes will grasp
Iphigeneia's hand.

We are not shades
Surely ! for yours throbs yet.

And did my blood
Win Troy for Greece ?

Ah ! 'twas ill done to shrink,
But the sword gleam'd so sharp, and the good priest
Trembled, and Pallas frown'd above, severe.

Agamemnon. Daughter !

Iphigeneia. Beloved father ! is the blade
Again to pierce my bosom ? 'tis unfit
For sacrifice ; no blood is in its veins ;

* Pointing to his sister.

No God requires it here ; here are no wrongs
To vindicate, no realms to overthrow.
You are standing as at Aulis in the fane,
With face averted, holding (as before)
My hand ; but yours burns not, as then it burn'd ;
This alone shows that we are with the Blest,
Nor subject to the sufferings we have borne.
I will win back past kindness.

Tell me then,

Tell how my mother fares who loved me so,
And griev'd, as 'twere for you, to see me part.
Frown not, but pardon me for tarrying
Amid too idle words, nor asking how
She prais'd us both (which most ?) for what we did.

Agam. Ye Gods who govern here ! do human pangs
Reach the pure soul thus far below ? do tears
Spring in these meadows ?

Iphigeneia. No, sweet father, no . .
I could have answered that ; why ask the Gods ?

Agamemnon. Iphigeneia ! O my child ! the Earth
Has gendered crimes unheard-of heretofore,
And Nature may have changed in her last depths,

Together with the Gods and all their laws.

Iph. Father ! we must not let you here condemn ;
Not, were the day less joyful : recollect
We have no wicked here ; no king to judge.
Poseidon, we have heard, with bitter rage
Lashes his foaming steeds against the skies,
And, laughing with loud yell at winged fire
Innoxious to his fields and palaces,
Affrights the eagle from the sceptred hand ;
While Pluto, gentlest brother of the three
And happiest in obedience, views sedate
His tranquil realm, nor envies theirs above.
No change have we, not even day for night
Nor spring for summer.

All things are serene,
Serene too be your spirit ! None on earth
Ever was half so kindly in his house,
And so compliant, even to a child.
Never was snatched your robe away from me,
Though going to the council. The blind man
Knew his good king was leading him indoors
Before he heard the voice that marshall'd Greece.

Therefore all prais'd you.

Proudest men themselves

In others praise humility, and most

Admire it in the scepter and the sword.

What then can make you speak thus rapidly

And briefly ? in your step thus hesitate ?

Are you afraid to meet among the good

Incestuous Helen here ?

Agamemnon. O ! Gods of Hell !

Iphigeneia. She hath not past the river.

We may walk

With our hands linkt nor feel our house's shame.

Agamemnon. Never mayst thou, Iphigeneia, feel it !

Aulis had no sharp sword, thou wouldest exclaim,

Greece no avenger . . I, her chief so late,

Through Erebos, through Elysium, writhe beneath it.

Iphigeneia. Come, I have better diadems than those

Of Argos and Mycenai : come away,

And I will weave them for you on the bank.

You will not look so pale when you have walkt

A little in the grove, and have told all

Those sweet fond words the widow sent her child.

Agamemnon. O Earth! I suffered less upon thy shores!
 (Aside.) The bath that bubbled with my blood, the blows
 That spilt it (O worse torture!) must she know?

Ah! the first woman coming from Mycenai
 Will pine to pour this poison in her ear,
 Taunting sad Charon for his slow advance.

Iphigeneia!

Iphigeneia. Why thus turn away?
 Calling me with such fondness! I am here,
 Father! and where you are, will ever be.

Agam. Thou art my child; yes, yes, thou art my child.
 All was not once what all now is! Come on,
 Idol of love and truth! my child! my child!
 (Alone.) Fell woman! ever false! false was thy last
 Denunciation, as thy bridal vow;
 And yet even that found faith with me! The dirk
 Which sever'd flesh from flesh, where this hand rests,
 Severs not, as thou boastedst in thy scoffs,
 Iphigeneia's love from Agamemnon:
 The wife's a spark may light, a straw consume,
 The daughter's not her heart's whole fount hath quencht,
 'Tis worthy of the Gods, and lives for ever.

Iphigeneia. What spake my father to the Gods above ?
Unworthy am I then to join in prayer ?
If, on the last, or any day before,
Of my brief course on earth, I did amiss,
Say it at once, and let me be unblest. ;
But, O my faultless father ! why should you ?
And shun so my embraces ?

Am I wild
And wandering in my fondness !

We are shades !

Groan not thus deeply ; blight not thus the season
Of full-orb'd gladness ! Shades we are indeed,
But mingled, let us eel it, with the blest.
I knew it, but forgot it suddenly,
Altho' I felt it all at your approach.
Look on me ; smile with me at my illusion . .
You are so like what you have ever been
(Except in sorrow !) I might well forget
I could not win you as I used to do.
It was the first embrace since my descent
I ever aim'd at : those who love me live,
Save one, who loves me most, and now would chide me.

Agamemnon. We want not, O Iphigeneia, we
 Want not embrace, nor kiss that cools the heart
 With purity, nor words that more and more
 Teach what we know from those we know, and sink
 Often most deeply where they fall most light.
 Time was when for the faintest breath of thine
 Kingdom and life were little.

Iphigeneia. Value them
 As little now.

Agamemnon. Were life and kingdom all !
Iph. Ah ! by our death many are sad who loved us.
 The little fond Electra, and Orestes
 So childish and so bold ! O that mad boy !
 They will be happy too.

Cheer ! king of men !
 Cheer ! there are voices, songs. . Cheer ! arms advance.

Agam. Come to me, soul of peace ! These, these alone,
 These are not false embraces.

Iphigeneia. Both are happy !

Agamemnon. Freshness breathes round me from some
 breeze above.

What are ye, winged ones ! with golden urns ?

The Hours, descending.

The Hours. To each an urn we bring.
Earth's purest gold
Alone can hold
The lymph of the Lethæan spring.
We, son of Atreus ! we divide
The dulcet from the bitter tide
That runs athwart the paths of men.
No more our pinions shalt thou see.
Take comfort ! We have done with thee,
And must away to earth again.

(Ascending.)

Where thou art, thou
Of braided brow,
Thou cull'd too soon from Argive bow'rs,
Where thy sweet voice is heard among
The shades that thrill with choral song,
None can regret the parted Hours.

Chorus of Argives.

Maiden ! be thou the spirit that invokes
Triumph and joy into our song :
Wear and bestow these amaranth-wreaths.
Iphigeneia ! they belong
To none but thee and her who reigns
(Less chanted) on our rocky plains.

Semichorus.

Iphigeneia ! 'tis to thee
Glory we owe and victory.
Clash, men of Argos, clash your arms
To martial worth and virgin charms.

Other Semichorus.

Ye men of Argos ! it was sweet
To roll the fruits of conquest at the feet
Whose whispering sound made bravest hearts beat fast :
 This we have known at home,
 But hither we are come
To crown the king who ruled us first and last.

Chorus.

Father of Argos ! king of men !
We chaunt the hymn of praise to thee.
In serried ranks we stand again,
Our glory safe, our country free.
Clash, clash the arms we bravely bore
Against Scamander's God-defended shore.

Semichorus.

Blessed art thou who hast repell'd
Battle's wild fury, Ocean's whelming foam ;
Blessed o'er all, to have beheld
Wife, children, house avenged, and peaceful home !

Other Semichorus.

We too, thou seest, are now
Among the happy, though the aged brow
From sorrow for us we could not protect,
Nor, on the polisht granite of the well
Folding our arms, of spoils and perils tell,
Nor lift the vase on the lov'd head erect.

Semichorus.

What whirling wheels are those behind ?
 What plumes come flaring through the wind,
 Nearer and nearer ? From his car
 He who defied the heaven-born Powers of war
 Pelides springs : Dust, dust are we
 To him, O king, who bends the knee,
 Proud only to be first in reverent praise of thee.

Other Semichorus.

Clash, clash the arms ! None other race
 Shall see such heroes face to face.
 We too have fought ; and they have seen
 Nor sea-sand grey nor meadow green
 Where Dardans stood against their men . .
 Clash ! Io Pæan ! clash again !
 Repinings for lost days repress . .
 The flames of Troy had cheer'd us less.

Chorus.

Hark ! from afar more war-steeds neigh,

Thousands o'er thousands rush this way.
Ajax is yonder ! ay, behold
The radiant arms of Lycian gold !
Arms from admiring valour won,
Tydeus ! and worthy of thy son.
'Tis Ajax wears them now ; for he
Rules over Adria's stormy sea.

He threw them to the friend who lost
(By the dim judgment of the host)
Those wet with tears which Thetis gave
The youth most beauteous of the brave.
In vain ! the insatiate soul would go
For comfort to his peers below.
Clash ! ere we leave them all the plain,
Clash ! Io Pæan ! once again !

XX. CUPID AND PAN.

Cupid saw Pan stretcht at full length asleep.
He snatcht the goatskin from the half-covered limbs,
And, now in *this* place now in *that* twitcht up
A stiff curv'd hair : meanwhile the slumberer
Blew from his ruddy breast all care about
His flock, all care about the snow, that hung
Only where creviced rocks rose bleak and high,
And felt . . . what any cork-tree's bark may feel.
His hemlock pipe lay underneath his neck :
But even this the wicked boy stole out,
And unperceived . . . save that he twinkled once
His hard sharp ear, and laid it down again.
“ Jupiter ! is there any God ” said Love,
“ Sluggish as this prick-ear one ! verily
Not thy own wife could stir or waken him.”

Between his rosy lips he laid the pipe
And blew it shrilly : that loud sound did wake
The sleeper : up sprang then two ears at once
Above the grass ; up sprang the wrathful God
And shook the ground beneath him with his leap.

But quite as quickly and much higher sprang
The audacious boy, deriding him outright.

“ Down with those arrows, wicked imp ! that bow,
Down with it ; then what canst thou do ? ”

“ What then,
Pan, I can do, soon shalt thou see . . There ! there ! ”

He spake, and threw them at Pan’s feet : the bow,
The golden bow, sprang up again, and flowers
Cradled the quiver as it struck the earth.

“ ’Twould shame me.”

“ In my conflicts shame is none,
Even for the vanquisht : check but wrath : come on :
Come, modest one ! close with me, hand to hand.”

Pan rolled his yellow eyes, and suddenly
Snatcht (as a fowler with his net, who fears
To spoil the feathers of some rarer bird)
Love’s slender arm, taunting and teasing him
Nearer and nearer. Then, if ne’er before,
The ruddy color left his face ; ’tis said
He trembled too, like one whom sudden flakes
Of snow have fallen on, amidst a game
Of quoits or ball in a warm day of spring.

“ Go ! go ! ” the Arcadian cried “ and learn respect
To betters, at due distance, and hold back
Big words, that suit such littleness but ill.
Why, anyone (unless thou wert a God)
Would swear thou hast not yet seen thrice five years,
And yet thou urgest . . . nay, thou challengest
Me, even me, quiet, and half-asleep.
Off ! or beware the willow-twigs, thy due.”

Now shame and anger seized upon the boy ;
He raised his stature, and he aim’d a blow
Where the broad hairy breast stood quite exposed
Without the goatskin, swifter than the bird
Of Jove, or than the lightning he has borne.
Wary was the Arcadian, and he caught
The coming fist : it burnt as burns the fire
Upon the altar. The wise elder loost
His hold, and blew upon his open palm
From rounded cheeks a long thin breath, and then
Tried to encompass with both arms the neck
And waist of the boy God : with tremulous pulse
He fain would twist his hard long leg between
The smoother, and trip up, if trip he might,

The tenderer foot, and fit and fit again
The uncertain and insatiate grasp upon
A yielding marble, dazzling eye and brain.
He could not wish the battle at an end,
No, not to conquer ; such was the delight ;
But glory, ah deceitful glory, seized
(Or somewhat did) one born not to obey.
When Love, unequal to such strength, had nigh
Succumbed, he made one effort more, and caught
The horn above him : he from Arcady
Laught as he tost him up on high : nor then
Forgot the child his cunning. While the foe
Was crying " Yield thee," and was running o'er
The provinces of conquest, now with one
Now with the other hand, their pleasant change,
Losing and then recovering what they lost,
Love from his wing drew one short feather forth
And smote the eyes devouring him. Then rang
The rivers and deep lakes, and groves and vales
Throughout their windings. Ladon heard the roar
And broke into the marsh : Alphœus heard
Stymphalos, Mænalous (Pan's far-off home),

Cyllene, Pholoe, Parthenos, who stared
On Tegea's and Lycaeosis affright.
The winged horse who, no long while before,
Was seen upon Parnassus, bold and proud,
Is said (it may be true, it may be false)
To have slunk down before that cry of Pan,
And to have run into a shady cave
With broken spirit, and there lain for years,
Nor once have shaken the Castilian rill
With neigh, or ruffling of that mighty mane.
"Hail, conqueror!" cried out Love: but Pan cried out
Sadder, "Ah never shall I see again
My woodland realm! ah never more behold
The melting snow borne down and rolled along
The whirling brook; nor river full and large,
Nor smooth and purple pebble in the ford,
Nor white round cloud that rolls o'er vernal sky,
Nor the mild fire that Hesper lights for us
To sing by, when the sun is gone to rest.
Woe! woe! the blind have but one place on earth,
And blind am I... blind, wander where I may!
Spare me! now spare me, Cupid! 'Twas not I

Began the contest ; 'tis not meet for me
First to ask peace ; peace, peace is all I ask ;
Victory well may grant this only boon."
Then held he out his hand ; but knowing not
Whether he held it opposite his foe,
Huge tears ran down both cheeks. Love grew more mild
At seeing this, and said ..

"Cheer up ! behold
A remedy ; upon one pact applied,
That thou remove not this light monument
Of my success, but leave it there for me."

Amaranth was the flower he chose the first ;
'Twas brittle and dropt broken ; one white rose
(All roses then were white) he softly prest ;
Narcissusses and violets took their turn,
And lofty open-hearted lilies their's,
And lesser ones with modest heads just rais'd
Above the turf, shaking alternate bells.
The slenderest of all myrtle twigs held these
Together, and across both eyes confined.
Smart was the pain they gave him, first applied :
He stamp't, he groan'd, he bared his teeth, and heaved

To nostril the broad ridges of his lip.
After a while, however, he was heard
To sing again ; and better rested he
Among the strawberries, whose fragrant leaf
Deceives with ruddy hue the searching sight
In its late season : he grew brave enough
To trill in easy song the pliant names
Of half the Dryads ; proud enough to deck
His beauty out . . down went at last the band.
Renewed were then his sorrow and his shame.
He hied to Paphos : he must now implore
Again his proud subduer. At the gate
Stood Venus, and spake thus.

“ Why hast thou torn
Our gifts away ? No gentle chastisement
Awaits thee now. The bands my son imposed,
He would in time, his own good time, remove.
O goat-foot ! he who dares despise our gifts
Rues it at last. Soon, soon another * wreath
Shall bind thy brow, and no such flowers be there.”

* After the death of Pitys he wore the pine.

XXI. THE ALTAR OF MODESTY.

Where turns the traveler from Sparta's gate
And looks toward Elis's old citadel,
Where the first ford runs with white rill across,
Close by Eurotas was an altar rais'd
To Modesty. 'Twas hither Leda brought
Helen, whom Theseus lately bore away,
And thus reproved her, where none heard beside.
" O daughter ! how couldst thou have left thy home,
Thy parents, thy twin-brothers, bright as stars ?
With what persuasion could have toucht thy heart
That Theseus ? Surely neither bland nor chaste,
Nor even young. Me one more great allureth
Among the swans, in semblance of a swan ;
Then did that cruel petulant deride,
And more derided he the more I blusht ;
Whom when I chided, he assumed a tone
Of grief, and whined and muttered *Ah poor thing !*
Sad work with Leda ! How ashamed was I !
Once I was passing by the wrestler's ring ..

Into a beak-like form ; another time
He made short twitters from a hollow reed ;
Another, down his shoulders he drew wings
And shook (the wretch !) as any swan might shake.
Bad ! but how bad grant Heaven thou hast not known !
Come ; here the place is proper ; tell me all.”
Then Helen . . . yet some sighs she first breath’d forth . . .
“ If the false guest who ran away with me
Was very bad, Pirithöus was worse ;
For he had talkt and sung of me before,
And rais’d me over all our Spartan maids,
And, wild with rapture, shown me to his friend.
O ! I will never dance again near him
To celebrate Diana’s festival.”
“ Talk to me now of Theseus, and none else,”
Said Leda. She obeyed, and thus went on.
“ Praising the joyous life in Cecrops-land,
And brides and maidens with gold grasshoppers
Among their hair braided, he preferr’d
The simple hair of Helen over gold.
The men are brave at Athens, brave are they /
But gentle too : Pallas, however stern,

On them looks never sternly ; and each Grace
Chastens their little faults and smiles them down.
Then there are harps and dances that shake off
The olives their white blossom ; then are there
Theatricals all autumn, taught by him
Who conquered India, and whose sole command
Was that all mortals upon earth be blest.
Theseus said *he* was wretched ; and his voice
Proved it . . . he pled for pardon ; as 'twere he
Who did the harm ; as 'twere a crime to grieve.
I was not very cruel, I confess ;
Enough to seem a little so ; enough
To look unpitying of his sighs and prayers.
Then said I, ' Who would ever try the flame
Of love, when under friendship's cooler shade
He might repose, and there hear all commend
Himself, and one whose courage fixt his choice
To run with, ride, swim, wrestle, and converse.
There is Pirithöus now . . . young, ardent, prompt
At anything with you : him you may make
Your very counterpart . . . more apt than I
For arms, and more compliant to your will.

Such was that youth in beauty who was borne
From Ida by the tawny bird of Jove,
Such he who perisht by Apollo's quoit.
But never can you hope for praise with me,
Never to conquer or compose my fears
Then he. 'Not always, Helen, is the ear
Inclined to praise ; not always is the breast
Vacant to friendship. Often have the maids
Of Sparta turn'd this friendship into blame.
Soon in Pandion's city shalt thou see
How warm the lover when so warm the friend.'
'But they do say, O Theseus, they do say,
That you once left behind you in that ile
Famed for its hundred cities, one you loved.'
And now, sweet mother, hear his own reply
In refutation of that ill report.
We know how cruel Minos is, we know
The law imposed on Athens he subdued.
Theseus is mother would have sent him here
To free him from that law; but uncompeled
Sailed Theseus to Jove's birth-place ; there he slew
The monster : Ariadne gave the thread

That guided him : he show'd no perfidy
To Ariadne, but his heart was doom'd
For Helen : yes, his last and only care
Should Helen be : by all the Gods above,
Ever propitious to him, she alone
The man, who won so many, should possess,
And marble house, and hills of honeycombs.
Ah mother ! why say more ? My cunning nurse,
Who knows the whole, hath surely told you all ;
For when I lay disrobed along the couch,
One knee thrown over it, that creature stoopt
Peering (she trod on my loose hair) then spat,
And turn'd away, and claspt her hands and cried,
' Jupiter ! thou hast saved thine own from shame !
A miracle ! a miracle ! beyond
All miracles ! The madman ! Hero he ?
He kill the Minotaur. I well believe
He left the virgin upon Dia's shore ;
What could he else ? Degenerate age ! to rear
No better man than Hercules and him !'"
The scornful speech of that old crone, retold,
Gladdened the heart of Leda, and sweet tears

Fell from her eyes as the dense cloud dissolved.

“ And now” said she “ since all turns out less ill
Than might have happened, learn how better far,
While thou wert absent, fared a wiser maid.

The sacred torch in order due was borne
Before Ulysses and Penelope.

Icarius, tho’ their love he had approved
And call’d his daughter’s chosen from his home,
Tho’ above all men prudent, and expert
In war by sea and land, and tho’ his ile
Rose up securely from the rocks and waves,
Icarius felt how sad and sorrowful
Is the departure of a child we love.

While those of his own age were seated by,
The feast was well enough : ’twas not amiss
To link the present and the past with flowers
And cool the brow with ivy : then came sleep
With mild and genial influence over him.

But in the morning, when he sees the wreaths
Hang limber round the cups and from the doors,
And when he hears the neighing of the steeds
That shake them, and remarks the servants run

Hither and thither, grief (til then remote)
Strikes on his temples, and his ears sob loud,
And his knees, tottering under him, give way."

"How piteous, poor Icarius!" Helen cried,
"How cruel was Ulysses!"

"One alone

Is crueler," said Leda, "she who leaves
The fondest parent for a stranger's arms;
And but one parent wretcheder than he . . .
The parent of that daughter." Then she askt
Why Helen fled: but Helen turn'd aside
The question, and "Heaven grant Penelope
May be a blessing to her father yet!"

At this ambiguous wish did Leda smile,
And with one finger pat that pretty face,
And draw the chin from forth the neck it prest.

Helen then, looking round her, gravely said,
"I will confess the whole, for I perceive
You have no mind to ask me such odd things
As that old woman did; she must be crazed.
Unless she took me for a lion's cub
Would she have whispered, 'didst thou bite the wretch?'

Then nods and winks, and winks and nods again,
Words without meaning, meaning without words.
Such manners, my sweet mother, may become
Poor sister Clytemnæstra, never me :
Never, when any hurt me, did I bite
Or scratch ; I only trembled as, when all
The strings of harp or lyre are swept at once,
Water runs trembling to the vase's rim.”
Leda had listened with her cheek prest down
Against the turf, dreading to lift her eyes,
And nipt unconsciously the tough grass-blades.
“ He did not hurt thee then ? ” said she.

“ Nor wish
To hurt me,” said the maiden ; “ that he swore ;
Nay, he protected me with arms and breast.”
“ Gods ! Goddesses ! ” cried Leda, “ what a tale,
O wretched one, is this ! go on, go on,
Extinguish fear with anguish . . tell the whole.
Not even the modest are from blame exempt,
But thine, how great is thine ! If harsh and stern
Thy sister Clytemnæstra would rebuke
The audacious boys, and swell against their games,

Thou wouldest hear all they said and turn again,
And ask them what they meant ; when they had said,
Make them repeat it, and repeat the worst
Thyself, and toss it back to them, and laugh.
Something of sad there may be and severe
In modesty at times, but there is power
To quell it, and the brow whereon it hung
Shows that serenity which shines from heaven."

Urged to confess, the daughter thus went on :
" A grove there is, not very far away,
But hidden from us by the town and hill,
A gulley runs aside it, which the rains
May fill in winter, but in summer-time
Its course is dark with moss and crumbling mould.
The winds had thrown a rough old tree across
Whose bark and branches form'd an easy road.
He saw it, Theseus did, and lept (and made
Me leap too) from the car : he seated me
Upon the grass : afraid that I might fear,
He tried my bosom with such patient hand
And took such gentle care of me, lest damp
(The herbs were very damp there) or a stone

Or broken stick should hurt me”..

Leda's breath

Wafted more quickly now her daughter's hair
Across the shoulder. “ Nemesis will come
Unless thou truly, fully, dost relate
This horrid story.”

“ To repeat the whole
Is difficult.. the way, the wood .. beside
The seizure, the recovery .. these disturb
My memory ; then my brothers, and their steeds,
Shaking the harness that creakt thick with brass.
Angry was Theseus .. gentle just before ..
Rein'd in the horses, bounded from the car,
And call'd down curses on his luckless head,
First to himself, then louder .. bade me go ..
Bade me stop where I was. Now other steeds
Advancing,

“ ‘ Hush ! ’ he whispered ‘ Not a word ! ’
The coursers of the Twins aside of his
Rear'd (pull'd up fiercely close to us) and chafed
The foaming bits. Javelins are level'd ! ‘ Stop !
Stop, robber ! we have arms, and thou hast none.’

Then lay they hands upon him, swift as stars
That swell and struggle with a running stream.
Their ~~hands~~ with open hand he turn'd aside,
And ' Boys ! what would ye ? Think ye me afraid
Of javelin ? I respect your tender age,
Your parent's more advanced one I revere.
Take back your sister in her purity ;
I know by signs and tokens, to my vows
Heaven is averse.' He paus'd, and they abstain'd.
Then, rolling here and there his restless eyes,
' And must the youthful Menelaüs wed
Affianced Helen ? Beardless boys attract
Wan withering age : but firmer manhood best
Pleases the tenderer and more feeling maid ;
Theseus might Helen. Why should fortune thwart ?
Why should not Menelaüs take for bride
Tall Clytemnæstra ? fair enough, and more
Befitting that wild Argos, that coarse man.'
Then said he, with wet cheek,
" ' Prometheus ! bear
The pouncing bird and bloody rock ; endure,
Endure it all ; well mayst thou : lightnings strike

Thy sleepless eyes, eternal beaks devour
Thy breast, thy liver, that but heave for them,
Yet thou hast never seen another man
Step to the chamber of thy soul's beloved.' "

It shamed the maiden to relate the first,
The second part it pain'd her to relate,
But every word she told, and every sigh ;
Which, lest the mother should remark, she prayed
To hear about Ulyssessis return.
Leda thus interwove it with advice.

" Whomever Love hath rightly joined, on those
Life showers down golden days, and every hour
Is bridal. Thou art young, and young the man
Who seeks thee in espousal. Think how far
Chaste love excels unchaster, and become
A new Penelope. Her father ill
Endured to lose her ; it was grief to say
Farewell ; and he had said it : first he turn'd
His face and bent it weeping to the wall,
Then rais'd it ; for he heard the feet of steeds
Distinctly . . indistinctly where the road
Was paved no longer and was farther off.
His spirit then broke down ; he rusht away,

Weaker with hurry, both in step and sight.
He speeded ; he came up to them ; for soon
Slackened his pace Ulysses, thus to hear
Better the voice of her he bore away.
Icarius, panting heavily, exclaimed,
‘ Return her to me ! I did give . . . ’tis true . . .
My treasure to thy prayers . . . but then, O then
I was not childless ; nor so deaf wert thou.
Many there are who may please *thee* ; but one,
One only, is the comfort of my age ;
Give, give her back . . . or both return with me.’
Ulysses heard, and drew the reins in tight.
Gently the bride received her sire, and wept
Receiving him : her arm embraced his neck,
And tenderest kisses cool’d his throbbing breast.
The bridegroom then bespake him.

“ ‘ Sparta long
Detained me, long and willingly ; but home
Now calls me back ; I have a father there,
A land, a people ; there too I have Gods
Protectors, whom it were a sin to leave.’
“ ‘ If thou art pious,’ cried the father, ‘ here
Display thy piety, and yield my child.’

“ ‘ Be hers the choice’ he answered.

“ At that word

Penelope cast on the ground her eyes ;
Her right-hand held his garment ; she bent low
To hide the anguish of her sobbing breast.

‘ Choose ! ’ said the father. ‘ Think who bore thee! think
Of me thy father ! think, and pity me ! ’
Tortured as was that bosom while he spoke,
Silent for ever as she would remain,
Yet when Ulysses added,

“ ‘ Speak, my own
Penelope ! ’ she lowered her face, she prest
A closer arm around her father’s neck,
But, covering with her veil her tearful eyes,
Inclined her own upon the lover’s breast.
Happier and prouder was the sire that day ;
He entered with firm step his house again,
And other fathers envied him ; they rais’d
Amid the chaunting of our youths and maids
(Why wert thou absent, Helen ?) rais’d of turf
An altar dedicate to Modesty.”

XXII. THE ESPOUSALS OF POLYXENA.

“ In Troy, O virgin, shall thy blood remain,
And last beyond Achilles thy espoused.”
So sang the Fates together ; and their song
Now from Apollo’s mouth Polyxena,
Led by her mother to the shrine, received.
The mother chided with long speech her dread,
Opening before her many happy days ;
But none of them saw she : grave Hecuba
Wondered that one so pious could despair.

“ How, when thus deigns Apollo to confirm
His oracle with omens ! What large light
Smiles over heaven ! and sweeter breathes the air
Since thy return, sweet as it was before.
Lo ! the flowers rise thro’ the first dust of spring
As if no enemy had trodden them,
And often by one bramble are two graves
United o’er the slayer and the slain :
Such and so many are the signs of peace.”

“ I see, I feel it,” sighed Polyxena.
“ Even that dust which now the tepid breeze

Blows over us, once lived with Trojan blood,
And that blood's moisture fed these very flowers.
O sun ! thou shinedst with no other light
When the Achaian keels first scraped our shores,
With light no other when Achilles shook
Our walls with war-cry, ear, and clattering arms,
Alas ! and with no other when our Gods
Departed, and left Hector maim'd and dead."

Saddened at this, the mother then exclaimed
" Why have I broken silence ? On this day
I had ceast weeping for my children slain,
For now Pelidesis fierce valour comes
To save us, not to crush us ; and dost thou,
Impious ! hold back ? nor see our Gods return'd ?
Ruling o'er kings, with ancient wealth elate,
And hastening to show Asia, won at last,
United to Mycenai, and restore
Helen, in vain by adverse Mars opposed,
Atrides would far rather him for son
Than all those glories, all that wealth and power.
Iphigeneia did not thus refuse
When he was drawn reluctantly to arms,

Intact his shining shield : the goddess-born,
The born to procreate a race of gods
Thou wavest from thee. She pour'd forth her blood
That Troy might fall not, that thy hand might save.
But thou hast gathered up the random words
My poor Cassandra utters : thou hast fears,
And fearest not Achilles ! ”

Then submiss

Replied the daughter.

“ If the Gods command
My marriage, as indeed they do command,
Or even my slavery, to them I bow ;
There is no hardship, there is no disgrace ;
But, mother, let me weep ; my parent's will,
Since they do not relent, I must obey.
I must be given up to him whose car
Drag'd Hector, drag'd stil breathing, thro' the sands
We tread on, where we promise faith and love,
And praise the Gods for this. Pity my grief ;
It never can diminish. Can the Gods
Themselves, who see and bid and do such things,
Show me one joy my broken heart may hold ?

O tombs ! O thou before me, which the last
Of friendship twined with brittle cypress-leaves,
Wither'd and shed, and prest the turf close round !
And all ye others, numberless, that draw
The short thin grass about more recent bones !
Ye are the boundaries of weal and woe.
But we have promist if Apollo wills . .
Ensue but peace from it ! . . Enough ! my troth
Is plighted . . Mother ! mother ! I comply."

Then Hecuba, and gaspt with grateful tears.
" My last-born child ! my life's last, only, hope !
What joy, how intermitted, do thy words
Restore ! Believe me, my beloved one,
Not what thou fanciest is thy valiant spouse.
The fates and fortunes of an aged king,
The roof that Gods have dwelt beneath, now touch
His generous bosom, deeper stil thy youth
And beauty : these perhaps, and these alone,
Have made him ask what else he might have seiz'd.
Beside he fear'd (he could not fear that thou
Wouldst be, as was Briseis, unavenged)
He fear'd lest thou by lot shouldst be transfer'd

To that proud tyrant as his lawful prize ;
For sure enough his prescient mind foresaw
The fall of Ilion and . . forgive me, Heaven !
For uttering it . . Palladium he derides,
And dreads not any God since Hector slain."

Beneath the hill where stand the towers of Troy
The open plain buzzed all the way with crowds,
From the warm channel of the stony brook
Quite to the brakes of Ida ; tired of fight,
Yet resolute, if need, to fight again ;
But hoping now, from every omen, peace.
Mixt with the Dardans in Apollo's fane
The Achaian chieftains divers thoughts revolved.
One blamed *Æacides*, Atrides one,
Many the downfall of the town delaid,
Many saw treachery, hid from the unwise,
And some smelt treasure stealthily received
And knew whose tent 'twas under.

To that fane
Went Priam and the consort of his realm.
There followed these, but followed slow, thro' grief
At many losses in each house, his friends

And kindred, and that progeny erewhile
So numerous and so prodigal of life :
His veil'd stepdaughters closed the stately train,
Led veil'd not long ago for no such hour :
Alone, at home, to while that hour away,
Andromache, oft chided by her child,
Sate, and turn'd slow the spindle, sorrowing.
Meantime how many hearts are throbbing quick
To see so many famous men so nigh,
And know those arms and faces, ill discern'd
Amid the whirl of war. Onward they press
And onward ; then halt suddenly ; some fear
Lurks with them stil ; they call it pious awe,
And, better to dissemble, crouch before
The feet and altar of their placid God.
Polyxena, for whom they all make way,
Grasps, without knowing it, the hand she dreads.
Beauteous, more beauteous even than she . . surpast
By Helen only, in that snow-white brow
And eyes before whose light Apollo's fell,
Rushes with shrill loud shout thro' friend and foe,
Cassandra.

Silent, trembling, stood they all,
As if some God had entered ; she alone
Could speak ; and thus (words not her own) she spake.
“ Horest thou, sister ! sister ! happy days
Awaiting thee ? Look thou at Troy, behold
The work of Neptune and Apollo, Troy,
Ramparts and towers that Pallas dwells within.
I see them totter under arms and flames,
And Simois and Xanthus swift with blood.
Behold ! the ruin comes when war hath ceast,
And Gods and sons of Gods walk slow with wounds.
O flower ! which yonder fierce Thessalian hand
Is plucking, on what altar art thou laid ?
Why blaze so the Sigæan shores, the torch
Unkindled yet ; those rocks of Tenedos,
Why throw they back again that trailing light ?
Fly ! let us fly ! Citheron, and the towers
Chaonian, the Ceraunian rocks, the strand
Of Achelous (hear !) reverberate
The clamour, the loud plaint of Ilion.
Behold the monster scale the walls, and champ
The marble manger ! hear his voice ! his voice

Is human ! Why delay ? What idle words !
Rise, O my parents ! O my kindred, rise !
Turn from the realms of Thrace your sight away !
Whither, O Polydoros, callest thou ?
What does that shady cornel show and hide ?
Why, as they drop and bound and roll along,
Tinkle the loose stones from that recent tomb ?
Ah me, who can not drown such sights in tears
Nor scatter them in madness ! Sweet espoused
Sister ! who sittest with thine arms unbound
That thy pure bosom may receive the sword,
To me hold forward, while thou canst, those arms,
And give undying love one long embrace.
Save, save her, Pyrrhos ! By thy father's shade !
Guiltless is she ! Spare ! Dying I implore,
And will implore it, in, and after, death.”
Uttering these words, her handmaids closed around
And took her to the cool and quiet gloom
Of her own chamber. In the fane meanwhile
A buzz is heard. An arrow slid unseen
Amid the tumult, and so far transfixt
The sinew of Achilles in the heel

That the brass barb clankt on the marble floor.)
The chiefs around him saw him bend and glare
Terrific ; then they saw the shaft, and then
A globe of blood. They seize their spears ; they tear
Vervain and olive (now no sign of peace)
From every helm, and throw and stamp them down.
Nor would they now hear Priam, scattering dust
On his thin hair, nor would they mind the spouse,
Sinking as if in death : no, nor did he,
Her wooer, aid, or ask for aid himself.
He saw his hour draw nigh, and brought to mind
Predictions, but coerced the rising wrath
Of those around, and gave these last commands.
“ Peace ! 'tis my will. Let never mortal dare
Avenge Achilles : from this blood hath sprung
One worthy to avenge it, one alone.
Alcimos and Automedon ! return
And keep my Myrmidons within the camp,
Lest they should lose obedience and due awe
Of those whose orders bear no dreadful mark.
Diomed ! Ajax ! leave me ; leave a frame
Unequal to the weakest thing alive.

No ; leave me not : bear me away : let none
Who hate or fear me, see me and rejoice.

Ah ! must the flocks and herds of humbled Troy
Tread on my bones and pasture on my tomb ?
Cease, whosoe'er thou art, cease thou whose tears
Drop hot upon my shoulder ! Fain my eyes
Would look on thee, but they are turn'd to iron,
And may not know again thy friendly face.

Fate calls for me. Take from my neck your arms ;
They weary me ; they weigh me down ; worn out,
With heavy languor's deadly bale consumed.

I grieve not that Larissa holds the bones
Of my forefathers in their quiet graves ;
I grieve not for my mother in the halls
Of Tethys, from the power of Death exempt ;
I grieve that Ilion should be thus avenged
Without her thousands fallen round me slain.

“ Dark art thou, standing o'er my head, O Death !
Most bitter is this wound ; it smites my heart.
Open the turf afresh, remove the stone
And the black fragments of the boughs above ;
The urn that holds Patroclos, now shall hold

Achilles : then push from the shore my barks,
And, if your great Atrides grant you leave,
Bring back from Pthia (now at play perhaps
With some new armour, and in hopes to share
His father's glory, not to hold his place)
My own brave boy, predestined to bring down
That ruin which the Pelian shaft prepared.

“ Hear ye my voice ? or fall my words in vain
Attempts to reach you ? Troubled so my mind,
I do not know what wishes I exprest
Or what I left unuttered. Far from you
Be such oblivion . . of a dying friend !
And now that Orcos hurries me away,
My shade may all the greater shades receive
And all the lesser fear !

“ Farewell, farewell,
My far-off Pyrrhos ! Ah ! what care shall guide
Thy youth ? in thee what Chiron shall rejoice ?
No hand of father to applaud thy lyre,
Thy javelin, or thy chariot, known and hail'd
By all beholders in the foremost dust.”

XXIII. DRYOPE.

Famous and over famous Εta reign'd
Dryops : him beauteous Polydora bare
To the river-god Sperchios : but above
Mother and sire, far brighter in renown,
Was Dryope their daughter, the beloved
Of him who guides thro' heaven his golden car.
Showering his light o'er all things, he endues
All things with colour, grace and song gives he,
But never now on any condescends
To lower his shining locks ; his roseate lips
Breathe an ambrosial sigh on none but her.
He follows that shy Nymph thro' pathless ways,
Among the willows in their soft grey flowers,
In their peel'd boughs odorous, and amid
The baskets white and humid, incomplete :
He follows her along the river-side,
Soft to the foot and gladdened by the breeze ;
He follows where the Nereids watch their fords
While listen the Napæan maids around.
Tending one day her father's sheep, she heard

A flute in the deep valley ; then a pipe ;
And soon from upright arms the tymbrel trill'd.
Dryads and Hamadryads then appear'd,
And one among them cried to her aloud
“ Knowest thou not the day when all should sing
Pœan and *Io Pœan* ? Shunnest thou
The lord of all, whom all the earth adores,
Giver of light and gladness, warmth and song ?
And willest thou that Dryops stand above
Admetos ? from thy sight thus banishing
And shutting from thy fold the son of Jove.”

She, proud and joyous at the gay reproof,
Stood silent. They began the dance and games.
And thus the day went on. When evening came
They sang the hymn to Delios. Nigh the seat
Of Dryope, among the tufts of grass,
A lyre shone out ; whose can it be, they ask ;
Each saw the next with her's upon her knee ;
Whether Theano's or Autonöe's gift,
Dryope takes it gratefully, and trills
The glimmering strings : and now at one she looks,
Now at another, knowingly, and speaks

(As if it heard her) to it, now on lap
And now on bosom fondly laying it.
Behold ! a snake, a snake, it glides away.
They shriek : and each one as she sate reclined
Throws her whole body back. Striving to rise,
Atonöe prest upon a fragile reed
Her flattened hand, nor felt it : when she saw
The blood, she suckt the starting globe, and sought
The place it sprang from. Hither, thither, run
The maidens. But the strings, and tortoise-shell
That held them at due distance, are instinct
With life, and rush on Dryope, too slow
To celebrate the rites the sires had taught
And Delios had ordain'd. One whom the flight
Left nearest, turn'd her head, stil flying on,
Fearful til pity overcame her fear,
And thus she cried aloud.

“ Look back ! look back !
See how that creature licks her lips, her eyes,
Her bosom ! how it seizes ! how it binds
In the thick grass her struggles ! Where is now,
Where is Apollo proud of Python slain ?

Whether she sinn'd thro' silliness or dread,
Poor inexperienced girl ! are snakes to teach ?
Are they fit bonds for love ? can fear persuade ?
Phœbus ! come hither ! aid us ! Ah, what now
Would the beast do ? how swells his horrid crest ? ''
Various and manifold the dragon brood.
Some urge their scales along the ground, and some
Their wings aloft, some yoked to fiery cars,
And some, tho' hard of body, melt in air.

Callianira now was brave enough
To stop her flight : on the first hill she rais'd
Her eyes above the brambles, just above,
And caught and held Diaule at her side,
Who, when she stopt her, trembled more and more.
But arguments are ready to allay
Her terror ; all strong arguments, like these.
" Are there not many things that may deceive
The sight at first ? might not a lizard seem
A dragon ? and how pleasant in hot days
To hold a lizard to the breast, and tempt
Its harmless bitings with the finger's end !
Dragon or lizard, rare the species is.

What ! are they over . . Dryope's alarms ?
She treats it like a sister. Lo ! her hand
Upon its neck ! and, far as we are off,
Lo ! how it shines ! as bright as any star.
Vainly exhorts she, first Autonöe,
And then Diaule, to come on ; alone
She ventures ; vainly would they call her back.

And now again the creature is transform'd.
Lizard nor serpent now, nor tortoise-shell
Chelys, is that which purple flutters round,
And which is whiter here and darker there,
Like violets drifted o'er with shifting hail.
Golden the hair that fluctuates upon neck
None of its own. A bland ethereal glow
Ran over and ran thro' the calmer maid.
At last her fellow Nymphs came all around,
And Delios stood before them, manifest
No less to them than to his Dryope :
For with a radiant nod and arm outstretcht
He call'd them back ; and they obey'd his call.
He lookt upon them, and with placid smile
Bespake them, drawing close his saffron vest.

Their eyes were lower'd before him as they stept
Into his presence ; well they knew what fears
He shook throughout the Dryads, when he gave
His steeds and chariot to his reckless son,
When the woods crasht and perisht under him,
And when Eridanos, altho' his stream
Flows down from heaven, saw its last ripple sink.
Well they remembered how Diana fled
Among the woods and wilds, when mightier bow
Than hers was strung, and Python gaspt in death.
Potent of good they knew him, and of ill,
And closed the secret in their prudent hearts.
At first they would have pitied the hard fate
Of Dryope ; but when she answered not
The words of pity, in her face they lookt
Stealthily.

Soft the moisture of her brow,
Languid the luster of her eyes ; a shame
Rosier and richer than before suffused
Her features, and her lips were tinged with flame
A God inspired, and worthy of that God.
Each had her little question ; but she stopt

As tho' she would reprove : at this they ply
Joke after joke, until they bring her home.
All they had known they would make others know,
But they had lookt too near and seen too well,
And had invoked the God with dance and hymn ;
Beside, Diana would have sore avenged
Her righteous brother, who deals openly
With mortals, and few facts from them conceals.
Dryope soon became Andræmon's wife,
And mother of Amphissos. Every spring
They chaunt her praises ; her's, who trill'd so well
The plectron of Apollo ; in the vale ;
Of her own shady Ω ta do they sing.

XXIV. CORYTHOS.

Ω enone had been weeping, but her tears
The bitter blast had dried ; for on the top
Of Ida stood she, on that pale short grass
Where the wind whirl'd the pine-cones, rolling them
Along their narrow and hard-pointed leaves.

↳ Hence she beheld the temples and the town
Of Dardanos, now fated, and discern'd
The house of him she loved : then from the woods
She call'd out Corythos ; and thus she spake.

“ Go, my child, go. Within the walls of Troy
One is there who will love and cherish thee,
Thee, but without thy mother ! Yes, there lives
Thy father . . but how short a time to live
Alas ! he knows not : for from Lemnos comes
In safety Philoctetes, and he brings
Those arrows with him, those of Hercules,
By which the Fates have sung that he must fall.
Unwelcome thou wilt not be (for no son
Hath she) to Helen, if that head so dear
Thou rescuest from perdition : he himself
May not perhaps forget those days serene
That shone on him and me ; may not forget
How once the poplar bore upon its bark
Two names united. If unmindful now,
Unmindful he will cease to be at sight
Of thee : if bad the husband, he will be
The better father for that very cause,

And own he owes his life to Corythos,
To thee, deserted Corythos ! his son."

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Embracing him, she mingled with embrace
Kisses and tears ; and then consign'd him, loth,
To an old guide . . but often called him back,
Repeating the same orders ; to avoid
The sail-white waters and the secret bays,
And every place where Grecian might abide.

They wind their way down the steep braky road.
Then, when their voices she could hear no more,
Nor see the birds their shouts and stones had scared,
Turn'd she her face, and this lone plaint began !

“ Aërial mountains ! woods, where Gods reside,
And Corythos was cradled ! you I see,
But him I see no longer, to these eyes
Dearer than light ! Before him Paris went
And never more return'd : no love remains
For me, no pledge of love ! Not only lost
Are former joys, but lost is also he
Who brought them back to me, by step, by mien,
By play, by prattle, and could half-persuade
That nothing was amiss or ought to grieve me.

50 Him too I now am parted from, and yield
Almost without reluctance, tho' the sole
Calmer and comforter of every pang,
That happier days be his than have been mine.
Yet all things (how can I believe my eyes ?)
Appear the same as ever : Xanthos flows,
And Simōis, in the morning light as clear,
And Tenedos seems only one vast rock
Upon the whitening reflux of the waves.
In form too and in features I myself
Remain the same ; for age can not consume
Nor change them. Ah, sad thought ! how fugitive
The gifts I catch at ! Like the snow beneath
A southern wind, thy form, O Enone, wanes
And wastes, unhappy ! in the sight of him
Thou holdest ever lovely, ever dear.
“ How easy it is to mow down the bloom
Of life, and sow the open breast with cares !
How soon, when faith is shaken, youth is shed !
Irrevocable days bear heavily
Upon the sinking heart, but heavier far
The future anguish of the fondly loved.

“ Asterope ! my sister ! happy thou
In thy espousals ! Can then Æsacos
Be kin to Paris ? brother ? But the one
The mild Arisbe bore, the other sprang
From Hecuba, a violent River’s child.
I envy not the happy ones alone,
But even the wretched who have left the light
Of upper air ; the maiden whose stern sire
Hath turn’d the torch of Hymen from her path,
And widow on whose bridal bed there hung
The withering garlands. Grief that death has brought
Time in the course of nature bears away.

“ Where Nile throws open his wide chamber, strewn
With lotus ; where, to sight insuperable,
The holy Ganges rolls his stream from high.
If Memnon’s mother rise before the sun
To weep for him ; if ye too, O ye Nymphs
Of ocean ! have beheld how great the grief
Of Thetis ; how, when Glaukos would advise,
She fled from comfort, fled from Triton’s song
And Doris and her daughters who sate round ;
If by the walls of Neptune all the maids

And matrons wail'd at Hector's late-rais'd bier,
Stil Hector's was Andromache, as when
Their child was frightened at his nodding crest
And heroes fled before him : his was she
In death, nor severed from him by the tomb.
Deserves *Enone* then a harder fate ?

“ What is my fault ? unless a fault it be
To sit secluded at the dens of beasts,
Where bear and wolf break slumbers just begun,
And where the mighty mother of the Gods
Drags the reluctant lions to her wheels ;
Unless it be a fault to have remain'd
So faithful to the faithless, nor have breath'd
Complaint to other than the passing wind.
There are kind Gods who may deem otherwise.
How'er that happen, brighter be the days
Of Corythos, and nobler his pursuits
Than creeping to draw meshes round the nides
Of birds now mute, and gather'd close in fields
White with the steril stubble or hard snow.
Happier be thou, my child ! if Gods look down
On pious prayers, and children are exempt

From retribution for parental guilt.”

Meanwhile the youth was looking up the walls
And wondering at their highth, and how they stood
Defiant of so long and fierce a war.

“ But where is that old fig-tree ? where the spot
Whence Hector, my brave uncle, met in fight
Achilles ? where did Venus cast the cloud
Around my father ? ”

And he siez'd the hand
Of his old guide each time he askt and heard.
Ascending up to Pergama, before
The gate an elder of the town he sees,
And asks him whereabout stands Priam's house.
His guide represses him, and says,

“ We go
To Helen.”

“ Go then,” cried the aged man,
“ Readily may that fatal pest be found, /
And none is wanted here to show the way.”

Around his neck sprang the Idæan boy
And “ Blessed ! ” cried he, “ blessed be whoe'er
Thus deeply hates my mother's injurer.

With me most virtuous is it to abhor
That Spartan. To none other house go I,
Than the king's own, where with *his* father dwells
My father ; where the chaste Andromache
Bemoans her husband on the ground he trod ;
Where now a wanton one, who fears not Pan
Nor Jove himself, with nimble needle paints
For altars, none of theirs, fine tapestry,
Or plucks the harpstrings with a Sphynx nail."

Many had seen and past them as they spake ;
One, 'twas a female, hesitated, stopt,
And askt them if from Ida they had seen
The Grecian ships departing ? were the winds
So fair ? and, while the elder she address,
She gazed upon the younger. He was toucht
To see her cheek grow pale and red by turns ;
Nor quite unmoved the elder : to himself
Said he " When beauty such as this shines forth
From Ilion, who would ever lend his ear
Even when a Goddess may have promist more ? "

Now saw the yóuth, who saw them not til now,
Maidens behind her, beauteous, with succinct

Vesture and braided hair ; graceful their form,
And modest their demeanour : not so quick
Bounded his bosom when the boar rusht out
Against the meshes, when the cornel spear
Hist on the bristles of his vaulted back,
The curv'd tusk gnasht, and the black blood boil'd o'er.
Whither they bent their way she now inquired.
The elder answered her.

“ We bend our way
Where dwelt Assaracos, and Paris dwells.”
Then she.

“ The road is safer if I guide,
And you will easier see whom you require,
Soon coming homeward from the citadel :
For clamour there was heard at early dawn
Along the coast, and then a boat appear'd,
And an old man stept out. Ulysses met
This stranger. Now, throughout the orchards, crofts,
And little gardens next the sandy beach,
The sailors gathered vervain, gathered bay,
And with fresh garlands every prow was trim'd.
Our leaders think this surely must denote

Good Fortune, favorable oracles ;
And grant, ye Gods ! the anchors heave at last.”

The old Idæan shook his head, and spake.
“ He who arrives is one they left behind,
Is Philoctetes ; and the arms he bears
Were once the arms of Hercules : the bow
Of Nessos, and the arrows dipt in blood
Of Hydra, come to light the pyre of Troy.”

Struck by his speech, the more she wisht to ask
The quicker stept she, and the more she urged
The maidens to step on : she flew, but lookt
On Corythos in flying.

Just below
The citadel a gorgeous palace stood ;
She enter'd, followed by the trembling maids ;
The Idæans followed slower.

As they pass
The house of Hector, they observe young girls,
Too young for foresight, thence less wretched yet,
And matrons calm, and widows unconsoled,
Bring honey to his Manes : and with these
They mourn, and shudder at the silent hall ;

Chilly and lying waste with Hector's death.

At last to Parisis abode they come.

Bidden to enter here, the spacious courts,

The lofty columns, the resplendent gods

Of brass and marble, the smooth steps and wide,

And the vast portals and resounding valves,

Strike them with admiration and with awe.

How many ivory statues breathe around !

How many golden ! nor do fewer move

In the warm colours emulous of life.

To the Dictæan king had Dædalos

Given a part of these ; his daughter gave

The same to Theseus ; Theseus gave the same

To Helen, when he hoped to bear her off

To pleasant Athens from her mother's side.

And she afforded no few scenes for art,

No few her mother. Here first recognized

The Idæans Helen. She in every game

Stood forth the fairest with her locks of gold,

While all the potent of the sea and sky

Gazed with proud smile benevolent ; but Jove

Above them all : complacently he watcht

His progeny by water and by land
Whatever she was doing. Venus came
Close after her, while upon high the swans
Archt their proud necks. Another time (so great
The skill which Venus only could inspire)
You would have thought them circling round and round.

There is a record in the courts of heaven,
Sometimes brought out and whispered on, that once
Among the reeds and cane-beds Jove assumed
The figure of a swan, and thus beguiled
Her mother Leda ; while the river swans,
To kindred strangers evermore averse,
Sate silent, and lookt all another way,
So fear'd they that surpassing one, and drove
The swimmer boys afar with threatening beaks
And swinging circuit of expanded vans.
Therefor 'twas his decree that none beside
Should draw her chariot on high days, when moved
By gift of hero or by prayer of God.

Tyndaris now told Paris all she knew
From the old shepherd, save what mother bore
The youth, and whose his beauteous face was like.

Such once was Alexander, then the guest
Of Sparta : but not yet ten years of war
Had he encountered, not yet fled the sword
Of Diomed, inglorious and disgraced.

He now sate smiling at the tremulous tones
Of Helen ; and then smooth'd her troubled brow,
Touching and kissing it : at last more grave
These words he uttered, and assumed his seat.

“ That Philoctetes in a far-off ile
Rests at this moment on a fallen beech
His heavy wound : a bird's wing drives away
The bite of beast and insect. When he feels
Eagle's or vulture's shadow over him,
He tries in vain to lift his weary lids
And cry so weak it drops into his breast.
He who thus suffers from a faithless friend,
Left on the shore to hunger and to thirst,
And hear the oars sound less and less distinct
At every stroke, and songs as they depart
Float on the summer air, so joyously
To them, to him so sadly, first and last,
Deploring that immedicable wound ..

Arrow hath he dipt in Lernæan blood ?
But grant he land upon that very coast,
What ills, what dangers, menace us ? he sees
That chariot broken which drag'd Hector, sees
The tomb of Ajax, and may know again
The arms that Thetis vainly brought her son.
And this, Neptunian Troy ! the man is this
Who comes against thee now and works thy fall ;
'Tis time to turn our backs, to leave our homes,
Unshaken wall, unviolated fane,
Rais'd by Minerva, citadel which she
And Venus with her equally protects,
And over which (to Agamemnon's house
For ever hostile) in the light of day
Apollo hath been seen and hath been heard
Exhorting us, and scaring back the foe.
Ulysses, that great queller of our hosts,
Brings Philoctetes now ! now let us fly
Even to Mycenai : let us carry now
Within our quailing bosoms all those Gods
(Among the rest Palladium) who have stood
Stabile and strong against all former wars,

And to Diana let us sacrifice
Upon the summit of Taïgetos.
The rampire of the Achaians, true enough,
Is mingled with the yellow sea-shore sand,
Scattered the Myrmidons, the Dorian camp
Wide open : that is little : but behold
How fulminates against our feebleness
The stout successor of Achilles slain !
When their own walls were standing round the Greeks,
When Juno exercised her vengeful sway
And arm'd the fist of Diomed, when safe
Behind his seven-fold shield their Ajax stood,
And the proud man of Nereid mother sprung
Loosen'd with blood the *Æ*tionæan towers,
Such idle terrors with indignant soul
I would spurn from me. Are no gifts of heaven
Vouchsafed to me ? no Venus marks me out ?
And no Apollo breathes into my breast ? ”
His boasts encouraged her, his scornful smile
Arous'd her and refresh't.

Some days had past,
And Corythos grew willing to believe

His step-dame was kind-hearted. Not alone
Her countenance, so bland and beautiful,
Rais'd her beyond all mortals : he admired
One who could place herself amid the low,
Could smile with them and weep with them, and view
On the same level all, herself above
All things the world's eternal walls contain.
Nor wonderful nor great could aught appear
To one so far supreme, nor would she tur'n
Her face from Irus at the feasts of Jove.
Corythos now she knew : he did not wish
Concealment of his origin, nor might
Such wish avail him when she saw him more.
The causes of his coming she inquired,
And gave him courage as she gave her hand.
At first he was ashamed he could not hate
His step-dame ; now, that he had ever tried.
He hangs upon her words ; what words ! how sweet
In utterance ! from what high serenity
Of brow descending on his softened heart !
“ Ever too bold the brave and beautiful ! ”
Sighed she, “ but even the stoutest well may start

At the close graves along the uneven sands,
The scattered bones whitening beneath their pyres
Where sharp winds flake them, and doom'd cypresses
That darken Ida's brow, to burn on more.
Surely 'tis sad enough were only joys
And pleasures torn away, without the tomb
With its cold shadows filling up their place."

Kind words she spake, and kinder deeds prepared,
But doubted when, how, where, she might surprise
Her Paris with his semblance in his child.

Rarely hath any beauteous mother borne
Progeny like herself: the gods who once
Have listened to the prayer, look seldom down
A second time upon their suppliant.

She thought of this; she thought of one so young
As not to know her mother's flight; and thick
Came forth her groans; unconsciously the name
Of her first husband followed them.

" Ah why
Hath never messenger rejoiced my ear
Telling me what thou art, Hermione!
And how thy little playmate hath grown up,

Orestes.”

Seeking how she might retain
The unsteddy love of Paris, oft she wisht
A son were hers like Corythos, resolved
To make him hers by gentle offices
And (if there be atonement) to atone
For what his mother suffered by her fault.

“ O Ageläos ! ” she exclaimed, “ thy cares
Have rear’d both sire and son : the fatal torch
Extinguisht thou hast seen, and now wouldst see
Him who was fancied to have brought it home,
Yet who, in Ilion saved, himself is safe.
But haste not, let his son repeat to him
His mother’s words and have the first embrace.”

“ No counsel else ” replied the aged man
“ Did Cebren’s daughter give me : but altho’
I may retrace the features so beloved
In childhood, ill may Paris recognise
Old Ageläos, in his wrinkled cheeks,
Grey temples, and that slow and spiritless
Movement where years are crowded upon years.
Perhaps he may not wish to see again

The once familiar who hath followed up
A better course than he : the royal heir
May need me not, yet Corythos stil needs
My help . . to fail him but in death alone.”

Various the thoughts of Helen : she resolved
At last that Corythos should meet his sire
When Bacchus has thrown open the warm breast,
And when the harp is ringing, and the room
Round the high lamp is bright and jubilant.
Often she schem'd this interview : at length
The day is come.

The Trojans sing again

Gay songs, long intermitted, half-afraid
Lest skilful Paris gently reprehend
Words ill-remember'd, notes irregular ;
The times had deaden'd so the unworthy strings.
Now censers burning all around reflect
The images that hold them, images
Of youths whose left-hand holds long garments back ;
Scarlet and purple tapestry glows above
As if the sun had lighted it, and higher
Redden more dim the cedar's vaulted beams,

Thro' whose compartments had mimetic art
Displaid the deep clear azure, with its stars,
Where dwell in still serenity the Blest.

Along the hearth shoots forth a lambent flame ;
The house-hold Gods smile with it, Paris smiles,
And she, the heaven-descended, whom he loves.

The hearts of both with placid course and full
Joy overflows and every hour expands :
Hour more propitious than the present none
Could meet her wishes. Slight inquietude
There is in his delay. Sometimes she breaks
The thread of her discourse to list awhile,
Then takes it up uneven, then replies
Wide of the question she hath seem'd to hear.

Silence ! here enters Corythos ! He starts
At the broad splendour ; at the regal form
Of Paris now before him : to approach
His mighty sire he burns, but then draws back
His foot, and looks at Helen. This the prince
Observing . . . this . . . the bashfulness of youth . . .
The step so suddenly withdrawn . . . the breast
Heaving . . . the brow disturb'd . . . the voice extinct . . .

No colour in the cheek . . . no name announced . . .
No office . . . but from graceful shoulders flowing
The very vest which Helen once had spun
For young Atrides, waiting his return,
In earlier days, when him alone she loved . . .
These things together strike him with the force
Of thunderbolt : up springs he : on that vest
He siezes ; casts it from him ; with his sword
Smites the boy's neck, his face, his side ; spurns off
His hands to heaven appealing, and hears nought
But, struggling hard with blood, his dying groan.

Such the last day of Corythos ! the last
Of peace to Paris and that gentlest dame
Of stepdames. When she saw the youth sink down
And all the furies urging Paris on,
Her senses left her : on the ivory couch
Cold lay her limbs as though she lay in death.
Her husband's wrath heard not the groan profound
When his child roll'd before him and his eyes
Lookt up to him once more, swam, sank, and closed.

He bursts away and calls upon the Gods
Who punish perjuries ; as if no God

Had noticed his ; as if 'twere very hard
Deceiver should be in his turn deceived.

When Ageläos heard the sad report,
Vengeance he called on Helen, vengeance call'd
On Paris : ashes o'er his head he heapt,
And, praying death may intercept him, bent
His homeward way. What should he there relate ?
Whose thanks bring back ? a parent's ? overjoyed
To find a son beyond all hope, a son
Long absent, latest, dearest, gift of her
He had deserted ! who, of him deprived,
Would miss his voice and face, all day, all night,
Sole solace of those long and weary hours,
But who, to turn aside the death she fear'd
For that most cruel father, bade the boy
Go seek him . . . seek him in the stranger's house,
The base adulteress who had wrought her woe.
Grief, anger, virtue, shake his breast at once ;
Fain would he fly from Ida.

When the sire
Knew the sad truth, upon his son's cold cheek
A thousand kisses did his lips impress ;

He expiated (if grief could expiate)
His crime with bitter grief, and built up high
A pile of cypress to receive the corse ;
And thus the lately found, by name (before
Unknown) in broken accents he bewail'd.

“ Wept on no humble or unhonored bier,
Rest, O my Corythos, that placid rest
Which life denied thee ! ”

Scarce hath he invoked

The shade by name before he separates
The ashes of the boughs and of the boy,
And these he places in a golden urn
Nigh his own chamber. Dark is all the house,
And silent all within it. He hath lost,
Utterly lost, his grace in Helen's eyes,
And thro' his tears and anguish none sees he
In Leda's daughter : both retort complaints,
And each-one's sorrow is the other's fault.
Again, he rushes forth on the remains
Of the Achaians ; his high crest again
Is seen above the combat, and that shield
He shakes which Thetis by her prayers obtain'd

Of the fire-potent God, wherewith she arm'd
To conquer Asia her disdainful son,
And from that conqueror Paris tore away.
Weary of glory, worne with grief, he sought
The place where recently he fill'd the urn
With bones, of grace and beauty now disrobed
And brittle to embraces, losing form
And substance (what small remnant they retain'd)
When the first tear fell and sank into them.
In the still sacredness of night, alone
Went he, the stars were shining on the tomb,
And timidly and slowly he explored
With outspred hand if aught might yet remain
Of his lost child, and credulously seiz'd
Little black sticks, and bore them in his breast.
Greeks, as they roam'd along the shore, observ'd
His wanderings : these Ulysses had espied,
Epëus too, and, heavy with his wound
And catching the cool air with frequent gasp,
Pæantius. Round a high-piled tomb a trench
Was hollowed : hitherward they steal along
From the Sigæan sands, while yet the stars

Cast a scant light, and thro' the uneven ground
And the dim copses winde their secret way.
And here await they Paris, true at last,
And smiting in the anguish of his soul
A breast too long from pious love estranged.

What bowstring, from what archer's bow unstrung,
Rattles on belt or quiver ? Who cries out ?
None other voice responding. Hark ! he groans ;
He calls for enemy ; no aid he claims
Of friend ; but leaning on one elbow sits
Raging ; and often strikes his heel the ground.

Swift steps run back along the soft sea-shore :
For they who smote him in the shade of night,
By the command and with the auspices
Of Gods, had stolen on a man unarm'd
Without their helmets, cuirasses, or shields.
He could not follow, for behind his knee
The arrow had gone thro' : with desperate twist
He tore it out, and from two apertures
The hissing blood sprang forth : he sinks ; he rolls
His limbs, he rolls his heavy eyes, all night,
In the red dew : he sees the city lamps

Kindled ; he sees them all go out again
From the same spot. But when an iron light
Begins to peer o'er the cold plain, and wakes
From their brief sleep the tamer animals,
They of the household rise, and all around
In grove, in champain, seek their absent lord,
And, as if there the search should be the last,
At his son's tomb. The race that cheers the ear
Of Morning with its voice, and penetrates
With its bold breast the woodland stiff with frost,
And, watchful at the gate in life's extreme,
Is faithful to the wretched and the poor,
With eyes as languid on his languid eyes
Looks sorrowing down, and licks them unreproyed.

When the last hour gleams feebly upon man
Not feebly rise the former : swift and thick
Do they crowd back with all the images
Of his misdeeds in clearest light reveal'd.
Now manifest is every oracle,
Now Lacedæmon's awful Nemesis,
Now the red torch, now the right-hand that shakes
Its widening vapour over myriad graves,

To settle on the towers of Ilion.
But these all vanish. Thee alone he sees,
Daughter of Cebren ! thee, beneath that rock
Where strowed the winds thy nuptial couch with leaves,
Espous'd, deserted, childless ! What avail,
Ah what ! the promises, the gifts, of Gods ?
A better, now he feels, was left in thee.
“ Go, ye who once could serve me, go ” said he
“ And tell Oenone ye have seen me pierced :
Tell her it is not help I now beseech,
But pardon.”

When the youths descried her home
Amid the innermost and highest wood,
And found it closed, and heard the wail within,
And saw tame stags raise up their antler'd heads
Suddenly from the threshold, they prepared
To enter.

They repeat the last command
Of him who sent them. Young, and confident
In ready eloquence, they would adorn
The wings of Mercury with brighter plumes,
And utter as their lord's what time and place

Forbade his uttering, and (more strongly) grief.
His former love do they commemorate,
And how OEnone was endowed with herbs
Potent to save. She lookt aside, and said
“ I could not save my son ! nor did he ask
Who asks me now.” And, as she turn’d away,
They heard the halls with sob and plaint resound.

Meanwhile four stout attendants bear the prince
Upon a plank of pliant ash, where rose
The sacred mansion of the Idæan Nymph.
And as they bear him thither, toiling up
The narrow path, often the loose round stones
Slip under them and shake him, often spring
The branches back and strike against his wound.
Not long was the delay, but long it seem’d
To him whose day was closing, and before
He could collect the features in his mind
Of her he sought so eagerly. They pass
Along the crevices of rocks where hang
The ivy-stems their rigid moss . . of rocks
Which the spear’s point, in time gone-by, engraved
With tender verses round about linkt names ;

Labour of idle hunter, disinclined
To let that idleness pass soon away.
And into opener places they proceede,
For feats remember'd of prevailing strength,
And songs and dances and successful loves.
There Paris paus'd and wept, with both his hands
Closed o'er the face : the four who carried him
Placed on the evenest ground the future bier,
And they too, turning back their faces, wept.
The Nymph of Ida came not forth to them,
But on the threshold of the open door
She staid her footstep, that the tears might flow
Within the house unseen one moment more.

And now the son of Priam views again
His early realm, a realm so peaceable,
And sweet CEnone, then his only care ;
And now again, again, he hears the sighs
Which heave that faithful bosom : how diverse
From those he sigh'd to in the grot below !
And slowly lifting to that face divine
His eyes, " How many and what years " he cried,
" Since Paris saw CEnone his beloved ! "

Nothing of anger or complaint said she ;
For she had prayed of the Eumenides,
Few hours before, that the untimely end
Of Corythos their wrath should vindicate,
And that she might not, even if she will'd,
Be help to Paris in his hour of need.
Another prayer she added to these prayers,
With quivering lips, more anxiously, but fear'd
No God would grant it.

“ Jupiter ! ” she cried,
“ And if there be another* who should hear
My last appeal . . . grant me the gift of death.”

Thunder was heard upon the left, and signs
Shone forth above her from the sky serene.
But when she saw that son and sire had fared
Alike, and that she might have saved the one,
She who alone could save him, she appeared
Cruel and merciless . . . to him . . . to both.
“ No ; I deserve not, seek not, to prolong
My life,” said Paris. “ Only let one urn

* She suppresses the name of Apollo her violater.

Unite us . . me, my Corythos ! ” He spake
And held the urn toward her : this she caught,
Together with the faint and chilly hand
It had nigh dropt from.

Paris had but strength
To add these words,

“ O Enone ! it was ours
To live united : they . . the Gods alone . .
Sundered us.”

“ But they sunder us no more ”
Said she. “ Behold ! the bridal hour is come,
Wherein no wretchedness, no falsehood is,
No separation. Ah ! restrain, restrain
Those groans ! Let me, my husband, die the first !
Hear me . . the Gods have heard me . . unwithhel’d,
Give one embrace.

“ Paris is now my own,
Mine, by sure auspices, eternally.
And do not thou in Pluto’s house, my child,
Disdain the mother whom thy death brings down.

“ Often the cruel gift that Venus gave
Gave me one comfort with it . . that my grief

Could not encrease ; and now I lose this one.
From Juno less had been the penalty,
Wroth as she was, than Venus now exacts
In the same Ida . . Venus, crown'd by thee ! ”

Her fainting form the sister Nymphs receive,
And from its fountain bring the tepid stream ;
In vain ; then hasten to the mountain-top ;
And there her father Cebren takes the urn,
To hold fresh ashes gathered by his hand.

XXV. PAN AND PITYS:

Cease to complain of what the Gods decree,
Whether by death or (harder !) by the hand
Of one prefer'd thy loves be tornè away,
For even against the bourn of Arcady
Beats the sad Styx, heaving its wave of tears,
And nought on earth so high but Care flies higher.

A maid was wooed by Boreas and by Pan,
Pitys her name, her haunt the wood and wild ;
Boreas she fled from ; with more placid eye
Lookt she on Pan ; yet chided him, and said . .

“ Ah why should men or clearer-sighted Gods
Propose to link our hands eternally ?
That which o'er raging seas is wildly sought
Perishes and is trampled on in port ;
And they where all things are immutable
Beside, even they, the very Gods, are borne
Unsteddily wherever love impels ;
Even he who rules Olympus, he himself
Is lighter than the cloud beneath his feet.
Lovers are ever an uncertain race,
And they the most so who most loudly sing
Of truth and ardour, anguish and despair,
But thou above them all. Now tell me, Pan,
How thou deceivedst the chaste maid of night
Cynthia, thou keeper of the snow-white flock !
Thy reed had crackled with thy flames, and split
With torture after torture ; thy lament
Had fill'd the hollow rocks ; but when it came
To touch the sheep-fold, there it paus'd and cool'd.
Wonderest thou whence the story reacht my ear ?
Why open those eyes wider ? why assume
The ignorant, the innocent ? prepared

For refutation, ready to conceal
The fountain of Selinos, waving here
On the low water its long even grass,
And there (thou better may'st remember this)
Paved with smooth stones, as temples are. The sheep
Who led the rest, struggled ere yet half-shorn,
And dragged thee slithering after it : thy knee
Bore long the leaves of ivy twined around
To hide the scar, and stil the scar is white.
Dost thou deny the giving half thy flock
To Cynthia ? hiding tho' the better half,
Then all begrimed producing it, while stood
Well-washt and fair in puffy wooliness
The baser breed, and caught the unpracticed eye. ''
Pan blusht, and thus retorted.

“ Who hath told
That idle fable of an age long past ?
More just, perhaps more happy, hadst thou been,
Shunning the false and flighty. Heard I have
Boreas and his rude song, and seen the goats
Stamp on the rock and lick the affrighted eyes
Of their young kids ; and thee too, then averse,

I also saw, O Pitys ! Is thy heart,
To what was thy aversion, now inclined ?
Believest thou my foe ? the foe of all
I hold most dear. Had Cynthia been prefer'd
She would not thus have taunted me : unlike
Thee, Pitys, she looks down with gentle glance
On them who suffer ; whether they abide
In the low cottage or the lofty tower
She tends them, and with silent step alike
And watchful eye their aking vigil soothes.
I sought not Cynthia ; Cynthia lean'd to me.
Not pleased too easily, unlovely things
She shuns, by lovely (and none else) detain'd.
Sweet, far above all birds, is philomel
To her ; above all scenes the Padan glades
And their soft-whispering poplars ; sweet to her
The yellow light of box-tree in full bloom
Nodding upon Cytoros. She delights
To wander thro' the twinkling olive-grove,
And where in clusters on Lycæan knolls
Redden the berries of the mountain-ash ;
In glassy fountain, and grey temple-top,

see P.L., 1867-8

And smooth sea-wave, when Hesperus hath left
The hall of Tethys, and when liquid sounds
(Uncertain whence) are wafted to the shore . . .
Never in Boreas."

“ What a voice is thine ! ”

She said, and smiled. “ More roughly not himself
Could sound with all his fury his own name.
But come, thou cunning creature ! tell me how
Thou couldst inveigle Goddesses without
Thinning thy sheepfold.”

“ What ! again ” cried he /

“ Such tart and cruel twitting ? She received,
Not as belov’d, but loving me, my gift.
I gave her what she askt, and more had given,
But half the flock was all that she required ;
Need therefor was it to divide in twain
The different breeds, that she might make her choice.
One, ever meager, with broad bony front,
Shone white enough, but harder than goat’s hair
The wool about it ; and loud bleatings fill’d
The plains it battened on . . . for only plains
It trod ; and smelt . . . as all such coarse ones smell.

Avarice urged the Goddess : she sprang forth
And took, which many more have done, the worse.

“ Why shake thy head ? incredulous ! Ah why,
When none believe the truth, should I confess ?
Why, one who hates and scorns the lover, love ?
Once thou reposedst on the words I spake,
And, when I ceast to speak, thou didst not cease
To ponder them, but with thy cool plump palm
Unconsciously didst stroke that lynx-skin down
Which Bacchus gave me, toucht with virgin shame
If any part slipt off and bared my skin.
I then could please thee, could discourse, could pause,
Could look away from that sweet face, could hide
All consciousness that any hand of mine
Had crept where lifted knee would soon unbend.
Ah then how pleasant was it to look up
(If thou didst too) from the green glebe supine,
And drink the breath of all sweet herbs, and watch
The last rays run along the level clouds,
Until they kindle into living forms
And sweep with golden net the western sky.
Meanwhile thou notedst the dense troop of crow-

Returning on one track and at one hour
In the same darkened intervals of heaven.
Then mutual faith was manifest, but glad
Of fresh avowal ; then securely lay
Pleasure, reposing on the crop she reapt.

“ The oleaster of the cliff ; the vine
Of leaf pellucid, clusterless, untamed ;
The tufts of cytisus that half-conceal’d
The craggy cavern, narrow, black, profound ;
The scantier broom below it, that betray’d
Those two white fawns to us . . . what now are they ?
How the pine’s whispers, how the simpering brook’s,
How the bright vapour trembling o’er the grass
Could I enjoy, unless my Pitys took
My hand and show’d me them ; unless she blew
My pipe when it was hoarse ; and, when my voice
Fail’d me, took up, and so inspired, my song.”

Thus he, embracing with brown brawny arm
Her soft white neck, not far from his declined,
And with sharp finger parting her smooth hair.
He paus’d.

“ Take now that pipe,” said she “ and since

Thou findest joyance in things past, run o'er
The race-course of our pleasures : first will I
The loves . . . of Boreas I abhor . . . relate.
He his high spirit, his uprooted oaks,
And heaven confused with hailstones, may sing on :
How into thine own realms his breath has blown
The wasting flames, until the woods bow'd low
Their heads with heavy groans, while he alert
Shook his broad pinions and scream'd loud with joy.
He may sing on, of shattered sails, of ships
Sunk in the depths of ocean, and the sign
Of that wide empire from Jove's brother torn ;
And how beneath the rocks of Ismaros
Deluded he with cruel sport the dream
That brought the lost one back again, and heard
The Manes clap their hands at her return.
Always his pastime was it, not to shake
Light dreams away, but change them into forms
Horrific ; churl, from peace and truth averse.
What in such rival ever couldst thou fear ? ''
Boreas heard all she spoke, amid the brake
Conceal'd : rage seiz'd him : the whole mountain shoo-

“ Contemn’d ! ” said he, and as he said it, split
A rock, and from the summit with his foot
Spurn’d it on Pitys. Ever since, beneath
That rock sits Pan : her name he calls ; he waits
Listening, to hear the rock repeat it ; wipes
The frequent tear from his hoarse reed, and wears
Henceforth the pine, her pine, upon his brow.

XXVI. CORESOS AND CALLIRHÖE.

The girls of Calydon now celebrate
The feast of Bacchus. Two whirl round and round
A rope entwined with flowers, and make the rest
Run into and leap over it by turns.
A playful one and mischievous pusht on
Her who stood nearest, laughing as her foot
Tript and her hair was tangled in the flowers.
Ah now, Callirhöe ! burning shame flew up
Into thy face, nor could thy mother’s prayer
Bring thee before the altar : now, ’tis said,
A tear roll’d down thy cheek, not quite exempt
From anger ; but thy hand conceal’d thy face.

Coresos, rising from his lofty seat,
Came forward, and stood ravish'd with her charms :
Coresos was it who then ruled the rites,
Beauteous, and skill'd to praise his God in song.
Unhappy youth ! to see her in that hour !
In any other had he seen her first,
She might have loved him as he now loved her,
And he, had never he beheld her shame
And tears at falling, might have lived and played
On idle pipe the vacant cares of love.

Neither the struggles of devoted goat
Nor the sweet wine they pour upon its horns
Engage his notice ; not the God himself,
Giver of joy, gives any joy to him :
Nor after, when short laugh is faintly heard
Among the bushes, and the star of eve,
Eve's star and Love's, alone is overhead,
And shrubs are shaken which no breezes shake,
Gave he his eyes to sleep, his limbs to rest.
Where the long grasses hung with dews malign,
Beneath an ilex sat he quite alone
And meditated much, forgetting all

He fain would say to her ; her face itself
Was shaken in his memory by his throbs :
Vainly would he recall it ; up there comes
Another, less ingenuous, more in want
Of grace and beauty, not (alas !) of scorn.

Many the days he wooed her, and the nights
Many he mourn'd that he had wooed in vain.
At last no longer could he see her near.
If barks the dog, she starts ; if stranger lift
The door-latch, up she springs ; the humid thread
She snatches from her mouth with trembling hand
And holds before her lips, and throws her hair
Back, which had fallen and hung loosely down
While close below the linal slopes her ear.
If in the court she hears a louder step
She thinks him coming ; come, if one less loud.

The cane that long has quivered in the wind
Hardens ; the maiden thus who long has fear'd :
Callirhœ would not trust her mother once,
No, nor herself ; but now would gladly hear,
Alone or with her parent, him who sued ;
For she had sharpen'd the bright point of speech

In readiness to pierce his open breast :
Nor slight is the offender's new offence
Thus to avoid it.

As the coral bends
Beneath the Erythræan sea, but grows
Harder and harder when it feels the air,
So did this virgin, soft and flexible
In her first nature. Shyness, which confused
Her features lately, now quite disappear'd.
She minds not what men tattle, nor desires
Their ignorance of what she blusht to know ;
She laughs if any whisper in her ear
That *he* is coming, laughs to see him stop
Suddenly, thus (a long way off) observ'd.
Afar she would not wish him, would not wish
His folly less, his madness less. She trod,
And knew she trod, upon a sacred flame,
Unscared, contending with the mighty Gods,
And rendering their best gifts of no avail.

Ah ! in what region grows a dittany
To heal the wound Love's poison'd barb hath left ?
He who with quiet bosom can sit down

With wrongs like these cast into it, loves not ;
Nor he who fiercely bursts the bond at once.

Coresos siez'd her hand and threw it back
Disdainful, but sigh'd deeply, fixing fast
His looks upon her ; then more calmly spake.

“ Callirhoe ! I no more bemoan to thee
The love thou spurnest : pity ask I none
For such a vain, such an unworthy grief.
Be sure the tear thou now despisest, falls
The last that I shall shed or thou shalt see,
And therefor in the hour of death it falls.

For look around thee how the plague devours
Men's festered limbs ! how fly the old to learn
The will and oracles of heaven, and how
From the hill-tops look out for their return
Those who have given them the last embrace.
The blameless fall ; and shall the guilty stand ?

“ Contemn'd I was, and I deserv'd contempt.
But never it repents me that in youth
Those arts I cherisht which, if age had come,
Had given grace and dignity to age.
Tis not for me : upon my brow too soon

The crown thou placest ; and the flowers that deck
An altar near at hand to thee are sweet.
Worthy I was, Callirhoe ! then I sued ;
Unworthy am I now, and now retire,
Broken in spirit, pierced with arrows, aim'd
Less by my lurking foes (for these are few)
Than by the heartless levity of friends.
Once (let me boast it) I might beat them all
Where agile strength the wrestler's olive gave,
Or where the Gods bestow'd the gift of song,
Or, boon to me more precious ! in thy love.
Kings may hold prizes forth : the ores of earth,
The gems of ocean, may adorn small men
And make them marvels to more small below ;
The Gods alone on mortal can confer
Genius and beauty, the pure wealth of heaven.
Ah ! why do they to whom these gifts befall
Stand so apart ? ah why shouldst thou condemn
To moulder each in barrenness away ?
Beauty we worship in her high career,
But let her wane, and where the worshiper ?
And Genius, mournful Genius, unapproacht.

Like Saturn from his lofty citadel,
Looks with an iron light down on a world
Torn from him."

While he speaks, there now return
The elders, with their temples filleted,
For mildness, virtue, piety, revered,
Besought and prone with purer hands to touch
The altar, and the wrath of heaven avert.

Callirhœ, whom the crowd call'd out by name,
Beheld them and turn'd pale, presaging ill :
Pale also turn'd Coresos, and endured
Yet worse his aching breast the ribald words
Flung by the people on the modest maid.
Forward he rusht to lead her from a throng
Madden'd with rage against her. In his flight
Palæmon stopt him.

" Stay thy steps " cried he,
" And thou too, wretched maiden ! hear the Gods,
Whose sentence on thy crime I now repeat.
Against thee shall the nation rise no more,
No more the dying virgin lift her eyes
Against thee, and no longer shall the torch

Where mothers crowd our funerals, bear thy name.”

Coresos sprang to clasp the neck she turn’d,
And cried in loud devotion,

“ Hail, O sire

Who fillest with thy deity the groves
Of thy Dodona, and whose look benign
Hath given to the air and earth below
Health and serenity ! This maid henceforth
To me alone will be the source of pain.

More than Iacchus whom I serve, and more
Than happiest dream could promise, is thy gift.”

Troubled in mind, Palæmon shook his head
And thus continued.

“ Much art thou deceived
By such bright hopes, O gentle youth ! Thyself
Shoudst see the future, favored by thy God ;
But thou thyself dost hold before thine eyes
Love’s dazzling saffron vesture, and believe
That what is coming can be only Love.

“ Step forward, ye young men ! for Jupiter
Calls on ye all, and honors thus his son
Of Semale begotten. Lead ye forth,

Lead ye, a victim to appease his ire,
Callirhœ."

That loud sound ran thro' her heart,
Ran thro' her limbs, and swept their strength away.
Down fell she. But strong arms had now seiz'd hers
And drag'd her to the temple.

Sense return'd

At the close tramp of those who hurried by,
(Some to see only, some with zeal to pile
The altar), at the smoke of frankincense,
At the cold sprinkling of the sacred lymph
Upon her temples, and at (suddenly
Dropt, and resounding on the floor) the sword.

“ Take it ! ” with tremulous voice Palæmon said.
“ This is thy office ; often on that head
Hast thou call'd down due vengeance from above :
Take, hold it, use it. Dost thou now retract ?
'Tis not permitted. To no prayer of thine
Our Gods grant this, but are resolved to show
That wrong'd are they when men like thee are wrong'd.
If from the people one come forward, friend,
Relative, parent, willing to devote

His life instead of yon unhappy maid's,
Thro' that man's blood the city shall receive
Safety ; for Jove thus reconciles his son."

Upon the trembling victim gazed the youth,
And with back-hand swept off a tear.

"Thy sire"

Said he "is dead : and others are content
To have stood higher in thy grace than I.
Look ! listen ! what light footsteps glide away !
Now with firm breast, Callirhöe ! and fixt eye
I dare to look on thee. In father's stead,
In lover's stead, I stand ; and I perform
The sacred duty by the Gods imposed."

Cries, clamours, groans, rise, spread. They see the limbs
Of young Coresos on the earth ; and fear
Seizes them lest they tread that holy blood.
The temple moans aloud ; the city swarms
With rumours, and the groves and fields around.
Now 'tis reported that the youth has fallen
By his own hand to save the virgin ; now
That both were stricken by the fire of heaven.
With its own violence the crowd is swayed

Hither and thither, thickening ; as the waves
Conglomerate under the propelling storm. .

XXVII. CATILLUS AND SALIA.

Catillus left his spear upon the steps
Of that old temple which from Ciminus
Looks o'er the lake and the dark ilexes.
Often his horse, standing alone before
The columns, starts at sights obscurely seen ;
Sometimes at roar of raging beast, sometimes
At bark that bursts and crackles from the cork,
Or at the rapid whirl of withered leaves
Wafted and rattling on his bridle-bit.

“ Voltumna ! ” pray’d the youth “ reject not thou
My vows ! for Salia is my heart consumed ;
Nor does the sire or maiden disapprove ;
But there are ancient oracles that hold
The torch of Hymen back. Thou knowest well,
O Goddess ! (for from thy own fane proceede
These oracles) what menaces impend.
So great an evil be it mine to ward

From both ! Yet how ? He who could all foresee,
Amphiaräus, he might have advised ;
But earth before him opened, and with flames
Enveloping his chariot, drank it in.

Where in far regions, famed Ismenos flows
He left his children and the light of day.

“ The Tuscan shore a race of fugitives
Alights on. O that they had come in guise
Of enemies ! not (as they say) of friends :
Because old seers have seen, old prophets sung
That under this the royal house should fall
And royal bride be wedded, to hér sire’s
And people’s ruin. Clearly I discern
What Fate before had hidden ; nor retreat ;
Nor arms, wherever they may lead, refuse ;
Nor absence . . long, for ever ; nor the gulph
Of Styx, which all must pass ; nor, what is worse,
In other lands to wander ; be but thou
Mine for one day, O Salia ! no one’s else
And least of any one an exile’s bride ! ”

A hollow murmur shakes the beech-tree-tops ;
A voice is heard ;

“ Of wretched father, child
More wretched ! how wouldest thou have fled before,
If thou hadst ever known the curse to come ! ”
It ceases : loudly, as the portal closed,
Resounded in their depths the woods profound.

The youth is sunk in prayer, and all again
Is silent, in the sky, the grove, the fane,
Nor could he see above him any bird
Whose flight should comfort him ; for right and left
Rose the huge branches, and afar the swans
Shone out serenely on the lake serene,
Soothing the under-wing with neck reverst.
He wishes not for fields of waving vine,
He wishes not for olive-boundary,
Planted when first the blindfold boy had drawn
The lot of each Pelasgian from the urn,
But he does wish for Salia, he does wish
To see Volsinii, blessed land, again.
Then of the king he thinks, and then revolves
Commands which both had given (and one with tears)
Unless Voltumna look with placid smile
Toward the couch of Hymen.

Evening came :

He threw him on the ground ; he sought for dreams,
If haply sleep should calm his weariness,
Dreams that from sire and daughter may remove
The unknown peril that o'ershadows both.

Sharp was the splendour of the stars ; all heaven
Seem'd moving as it never yet had moved ;
To mortal power insuperable, fate
Bent easily before him ; every word
Of oracles had now grown plain enough ;
And he resolv'd to save at once the king
And the king's daughter, do they what they would
And fear'd they all that ever could be fear'd.

Amid these thoughts his yielding senses sleep
Impresses : in his dream he hears the arms
Of guest and ravisher : he sees (can sight
Deceive him ?) Salia. With her own consent
Is she borne off ? and, when her father calls
Pursuing her, disdains she to return ?
He starts, he raves, strikes with his brow the ground,
Springs up, and, seizing on the bridle, leaps
Into the saddle, and before 'tis dawn

Reaches the city's outskirt.

Long the land
In peace had rested ; scanty was its watch ;
All knew the cordial youth who, strong of limb,
Joyous of countenance and prompt of speech
And large of liberality, and first
On foot or horseback, hurl'd the Argive spear ;
Strait went he onward where the palace stood,
And stationed under its first turret found
The friendly Periphæs.

“ I haste ” he cried,
“ I haste to Salia. Help me. That is nigh,
That which she fears, her father more than she,
And never may perhaps by arms avert :
Voltumna threatens it. Her father's love
May blind his eyes, but *my* love opens mine.
I bring the Goddesses own words, and these
The dreams she breath'd into my breast confirm.”

Ever to Dian at the break of day
Did Salia bear her sacrifice : the gate
Was this thro' which she past into her grove
And little chapel.

Thickly sound the hoofs
Of fretting horse beneath the turret's arch,
And the last light of lamp that hangs therefrom,
Crackling, now hides now shows the whiten'd iron.
When casts the hind, with broken sleep morose,
The wooden collar round his ox'es neck
And rope athwart the horns, when one red line
Borders the dull horizon, and the fields
Under the drowsy skies lie indistinct,
There stands the royal maiden.

“ Hence ! fly hence !

O Salia ! ” cries Catillus, “ and believe
The Gods are now propitious.”

At the word
On his high steed he lifts her, with a leap
Mounts, and redoubles with a rapid spur
His courser's speed.

“ Tremble not ” cried the youth :
“ A time there was indeed for fear, when flight
Was none, and hope uncertain. From her shrine
Dian inclining to thy prayers and vows
Would, if she ever uttered oracle,

Have bidden what Voltumna hath ordain'd.
The horse is quiet : see ! he frets no more :
And none are following. Is my arm too tight ?
Bends it unwelcome round thee ? Fearest thou ?
Wouldst thou prohibit, wouldst thou chide, my fears ?
I loosen it. Why weep and sigh ? why doubt ?
In Tibur who should envy us a life
Of country peace ? To what ferocious man
Canst thou be there a prey ? what war molest
Thy father ? For no realm we fight ; we hold
The only realm we want. I leave behind
The Sabines and their ruler to enjoy
Untroubled peace. Instead of fields in dower,
Fields which suspicion everywhere surrounds
With the uncertain faith of hireling arms,
Be there for us the deep repose of woods,
Walls that have never heard the name of Mars,
Tibur, and those green pastures on the banks
Thro' which Pareusius winds his silvery stream.
Look back ; how widely spreads the space behind !
Volsinii how remote ! the citadel
How reddening lower and lower with larger light ! "

At this she raises up her eyes, not quite
Up to his eyes who speaks to her ; then looks
Back on her father's city ; then they fill
With gushing tears.

“ Live, father ! live in peace !
Voltumna claims me ; can then piety
Forbid, or any care obstruct my course ?
Follow I must the Goddess'es command.
The desart, the dense darkness of the woods,
The lake, with all their gloom and all its own,
I would thro' life inhabit, nor repine,
Let but the Fates grant tranquil days to thee ! ”

Moved at her tenderness, Catillus said,
“ Behold them granted ! and shall she whose prayers
Have won them for her parent, not rejoice ?
Voltumna well might choose thee for her own,
But she was silent ; nay, she gave commands
Right opposite ; she bade thee leave thy home,
Thy father's house : thou wisely hast obey'd,
And child so duteous she from far will hear.
Meanwhile an aged priestess keeps the fane,
One only : such its holiness, no time

Will ever move it. Thou shalt see the dells
Of Tibur, the Albunean lake, its shades
And floating islands, and (what oft thy wish
Shuddering at all the terrors of the tale
Urged thee to see) the fissured rock, the rush
Of angry waters, and, where these subside,
Glens where is heard the song of Nymphs below.
There be our country, there our house, and there
Our early days and later ! All thy life
Must thou be happy in a father saved
And faith saved too : and no less happy he,
Obedient to the dictate of the Fates,
In that he gave not (tho' he wisht to give)
Salia to him who holds her to his heart."

Salia now calmer, bids him to repeat
All that Voltumna said. The Goddess' es
Behest she thinks obscure, the danger clear ;
She sighs ; but piety distrusts not love.
Scarce the first hour of flight had past away
Before the father knew it. Idle time
He lost not in complaint, nor idle threats
Threw at the fugitive : he gave command

Forthwith that chosen youths surround the woods
And moorlands of Capenus, occupy
Every hill-top, keep equal distances
At certain stations, and from each, right, left,
The subject land, wood, river, lake, survey.
He himself hastened onward, and before
Noontide he saw, not distant, to the east,
Eretus, its wide woodland overgrown
With speckled arbutus, and, farther on
And higher up, an ancient temple, white
In the sun's splendour, on its mound apart :
Beyond it the Nomentan hills retired.
And now, inclosed by mountains, he approacht
The steep red banks and turbid stream profound
Of Tiber. Never had that stream been crost
By bridge of stone convex, or mountain pine,
Nor level boats in surging series linkt
Made plain the way for horseman and for horse.
He bends, and raises in his hollow hand
The sacred water, and thus prays the God.
“ O father Tiber ! if thou hast preserv'd
Thy people quiet by religious awe ;

If thou beholdest thy Apollo's hill
Soracte bound in duteous equity ;
If the Faliscians, righteous race, impress
The burning ember with unflinching heel ;
If, when the robber Cacus he had slain,
Alcides (which our sires have seen) washt off
That robber's blood in thy most cleansing lymph ;
If stolen herds brought vengeance down on him
Whom none consorted with, no host receiv'd;
Shall I in vain implore thee for thy help
Against a wretch who robs his host of all,
Who carries off his child, his only child ?
Avenge me : give me only ('tis enough)
To swim in safety o'er thy rapid stream."

Thus praying, his huge spear he threw across ;
Whereat the steed which bore him shrilly neigh'd,
Rear'd, and with hoof inverted scraped the turf,
And, call'd by name and patted and cheer'd on,
Sprang bravely down and clove the surging waves :
They bent beneath his lusty neck, they broke
At every breath his widening nostril breath'd,
And his rich trappings flasht fresh light around.

In the late hour of eve the king surveys
The highths of Tibur ; to the walls he wends
Alone ; to Coras, and him only, cries
That he come out.

But Coras, when he knew
Afar Catillus by his burnisht arms,
Ran from the rampart to embrace the king,
And said “ Where is my brother ? ”

Fiercelier burns
His rage at this, and
“ Like a slave he fled ;
Nor shall it now avail thee to conceal
His flight ; thy walls shall show him in their flames.
Now let him arm . . . a father calls, a guest,
Despoil’d, dishonor’d . . . let him arm before
The hospitable the avenging Jove
He thinks he may affront, deceive, despise.”

The brother stood astonisht : lifting up
Both hands to heaven,
“ No brother is with me,
I swear, and therefor lay aside thy wrath,
O king ! and under happy auspices

Await in peace and patience his return."

He answered not, but rudely rusht away.
With angry looks the Argive nobles cried
" What, tyrant ! dost thou threaten war ? say first,
Proud as thy nation is of ancient fame,
Say when on Ciminus hath ever oak
Borne trophy ? While the fatten'd heifer shakes
The flowery fillet and salt-sprinkled crown,
Do their round cheeks, well form'd for puffing horns,
Turn into waxen whiteness at the approach
Of level'd spears. If (faith of Gods and men !)
Thou darest threaten us with fire or sword,
We will not wait thee in our walls, but show
Thy city, and all cities leagued with thee,
How the proud Tuscans first cried out for peace."

The last late sunbeam of the summer sky
Had fallen, and with dew far superfused
The fuming meadows of Pareusius paled,
Far as the Albula and Latian plain.
When Tibur's citadel had sunk to view
The king alighted from his horse, and spent
A weary night beneath a peasant's roof.

Near to Volsinii, with a clear cold stream *
There runs a rivulet and intercepts
The little rills that trickle thro' the grove,
And falls into the Tiber where it looks
Into the glades of Umbria ; 'twas this course
Catillus followed thro' its whole extent.
Here, where it join'd the Tiber, pusht he forth
A narrow skiff, tied with a twisted band
Of osier to the tree. The oar's smooth palm
Divided the broad water-leaves and won
An easy way. Now, while the waves it made
With gentle splash and pattering heav'd the bark,
Thou, Salia, sattest at thy lover's side
Stiller and calmer than that shady stream.
Catillus then would hoist his little sail,
That he might lay aside the oar, and hold
The rope which turn'd it as the river turn'd
Or the wind caught it, and that he might sit
On the same bench with Salia, and protect
From the hot sun her face beneath its shade.
He fear'd to pass where hinds might see and shout,

* Now called Fiume Chiaro.

He fear'd all voices, most of all he fear'd
The irreverent Fescennine's immodest song.

Volsinii's firm allies, the Sabines held
That country where amid the flowers he rears
Runs Farfar, and that barrener wherefrom
Himella shrinks when Sirius strikes his stream.
So now he took the simple guise of hind
Who had gone early forth, and must return
To hail his household Deities at eve.
Rushes and reeds conceal'd his crest and spear.
Long was the way by land, by water long,
Nor would the youth, nor could he had he will'd,
Tell Salia how much farther they must go.
Her dread of any seeing her he calm'd,
Saying,

“ Look up ! behold what scanty light
Sheds Hesper, how he swings upon the stream
Alone of all the stars, and what calm gloom
Propitious sits upon the brow of heaven.”
They both weave sleepless dreams. In days to come
What will their pleasure be, if touch of hand
Kindles such fires ; if at one word, one glance,

Disperst is every doubt and every fear.

Ah ! be not wise, ye young ! but from bright days
Look into brighter : evermore believe :
Be this your wisdom. At the close of life,
We know too much ; we know we are deceiv'd.

Needless the story were in what converse
Hour followed hour ; what cultur'd lands, what wilds
Delighted them ; how many were the spots
In whose retirement they could spend their lives :
Needless to mention how, amid the pause,
A bough impending o'er the stream sometimes
Swept, ere they were aware, the vessel's side,
Startling and reddening her with girlish fright.
The youth too had his fears, but held them in.
He fear'd if any silent matron stole
Down to the river-side, in quest of him
Her children cried for ere they went to bed :
He fear'd if suddenly a lamp-light burst
With long effulgence from some cot unseen
Across the water, or a fisherman
Had crown'd his net with flame, and, dipt in pitch,
The feathery cane its finny prey allure.

Onward they sail all night : when morn appears,
Seeing that friendly Tibur was behind,
He leaves (in view, though distant) on his right
Seven far-famed hills, where stood the residence
Of king Evander, sprung from Arcady ;
Janus on one had rear'd a mument,
And Saturn on another : he admired
How such vast works had ever been destroy'd.
Wonder may seize, but can not long detain,
And least the young and ardent. Rowing back,
Catillus rises on the oar and glides
Into his native land.

“ O mine ! ” he cries,
“ Mine surely now ! come, Salia, come, enjoy
In safety and by right our freedom here :
No Gods oppose us : we are here at home.”
And as he speaks, swifter he plies the oar.
Soon helmets blaze above the copse ; men arm'd
And unarm'd welcome him ; stout hinds belay
The laboring bark, tugging it where the wind
Baffles the sail ; then, smoking from afield,
Laborious oxen and stout-hearted steeds.

But, tho' they aided, slower seem'd the hour
Than yesterday, when lay the oar athwart
And the loose sail flapt idly round the mast.

Both wisht to be alone again ; nor long

Abstain'd Catillus (when the cliff began
To chafe the water and impede the way)
From ordering to haul the skiff ashore.

Alone then were they. He ascends the path,
The well-known path of the old wood ; he stops,
Here, lest the stones should hurt her ; here, because
The grass is softer than all grass beside ;
Here, because sunny hazles most invite ;
And here, because no serpent ever coils
Beneath the ashen shade. Such leisure-hour
Fatigue and sense of safety make more sweet.

“ Up ! Salia ! one more hill we must ascend,
Whence Tibur, now thy own, thou mayst descry.”

They reach the summit. What, across yon chasm,
Fixes the maid her eyes upon ? A breeze
Whitens the waving willows as they bend,
And ancient elms cast shadows long and dark,
And the lithe tendril of the vine unpruned

Pats and springs up and pats again the stream.
What sees she from the summit there ? why gaze ?
Why tremble ? why turn pale ?

Behold ! there stands
Her father !

You might have believ'd her knees
Had turn'd to marble.

“ Wretched girl ! ” he cried,
Whom dost thou fly from ? ”

At that voice she starts.
Swifter and swifter hurried she along
And thought each step was slower than the last.
Ambiguous was it from the fields or town
Whether she tore the youth away (her hand
Holding his spear through terror at the wrath
Of sire and prophet) or his arm made firm
Her step precipitous : but she was first
Where the road narrowed, fit for one alone,
And he where, leaning down for her, his spear
Protruded helpt her up the rock abrupt.

Indignant Anius saw them from below
Receiv'd into the city's double gate

With loud acclaim and trumpet's louder clang ;
And from the aerial citadel the girls
One to another show'd him, and with taunts
Bade him begone.

He rushes to the wood
Resounding o'er the river : but nor clash
Of cataract hears he, nor wild shout, nor dash
Roaring above, redoubled underneath,
And far away thro' cavern'd rocks prolong'd :
Nor rage impels him now nor tears dissolve,
He only presses with both hands his brow.

Ah from what bitter source must flow the grief
Such scenes assuage not ! There he stood, nor saw
Pareusius whirl his torrent deep below,
Whence watery dust eternal intercepts
The light of heaven. Dark ilex, bright-hair'd beech,
And, vainly fostering ever-fruitless vine,
The loftier elm, mass above mass, arise.
Among the branches thousand birds appear
To raise their little throats, but every song
Fast as it flows the roaring torrent drowns.
Some, by assiduous helpmate undetain'd,

Fly from the eternal thunder of the waves ;
These . . leave them only sheltering bough, and moss
To soften for their young the nest they knit . .
Nor rains can chill nor thunders shake their love.
By rocks inclosed, sore fretting, and resolv'd
No force shall quell it, rushes the array
Of water, now united, scattered now,
Again to rally : pale is overhead
The mountain, pale and trembling ; to its sides
The splasht herbs cling the closer : many a reed
Is there which never shall sigh forth the plaint
Of the lone shepherd, many a flower is there
On virgin bosom never to recline.
But numberless bright intermingled rays
Spring up, whence Jove and Phœbus raise an arch
Lofty and wide, and Iris dwells within.
Wrong, upon earth imperious, may o'erpower
And crush the mortal ; Virtue may stand back
Nor help him ; even the clemency of Heaven
May fail ; the urn, the ashes laid within,
Violence may scatter ; but on those who die
Thro' wretchedness, and undeservedly,

Compassionate and faithful verse attends
And drives oblivion from the wasted tomb.

O why, ye Gods ! why, in such lands as these,
Fairest of earth, and where ye chose to dwell,
Should burst forth anguish from a father's breast ?
Why from the guiltless Anius ? Who brought gifts
More gladly to your altars ? who more pure ?
In part he utter'd this, in part supprest ;
Then added,

“ Here is piety ! and thus
Doth she requite her father ! Duteous, chaste,
Benevolent, all thought her ; and to all,
Excepting me, she was so ; I alone
Less than a stranger merited her love.
Now know I what (Oh ! lesson hard to learn
At all times ! how much harder for the old !)
A daughter owes a father.

“ O my wife !
If Libitina * had allow'd thy stay,
To see me so far left behind in love
(Our fond contention) thou hadst surely griev'd.

* Venus Libitina was an Etruscan Goddess.

I took the mother's place. When any pain,
However slight, she suffered, could I rest ?
Or could I leave her couch ?

“ Go, snatch the torch
Of Hymen, run, mingle thy song with theirs,
From tranquil brow draw down the saffron veil,
And be thy children, if they can, like thee.
If every other rite thou hast disdain'd,
If scorn'd the dower a royal bride should bring,
If thro' three nations, shameless, thou hast fled,
Blame, blame thy parent for it. He provides
At least a victim for so blest a day.”

He spake ; and from the woody mountain-top,
Where by the eternal battery of the waves
A way is cloven, cast himself. From rock
To rock he fell ; and all the dew that rose
Around was dimly reddened with his blood.
The fact is well recorded : while the name
Of old Pareusius few remember, thine
O Anius, sounds for ever on that stream.

XXVIII. THE CHILDREN OF VENUS.

Twain are the sons of Venus : one beholds
Our globe in gladness, while his brother's eye
Casts graver glances down, nor cares for woods
Or song, unworthy of the name of Love.
Nothing is sweet to him, as pure and cold
As rain and Eurus.

What dissension thus
Severed the beauteous pair ? Ambition did.
With heavy heart the elder bore that he
Whom often with an arrow in his hand
He saw, and whetstone under it, and knew
To spend the day entire in weaving flowers
Or drawing nets, as might be, over birds,
That he should have men's incense, he have shrines,
While only empty honour, silent prayer,
Was offered to himself.

On this he goes
And makes Silenus arbiter. The eld
With gentle speech would fain assuage his wrath ;
It rises but the higher : he bids him call

The Idalian to his presence, then decide.

With downcast eye, and drooping wing, and cheek
Suffused with shame, the little one advanced,
And " Brother ! did you call me ? Then at last
The poor Idalian is not quite despised ? "

The kindly arbiter in vain attempts
To bring together two such potent hands.
" No " said the taller ; " I am here for this,
This only, that he learn, and by defeat,
What is my power."

Hereon Silenus, " Go !

Kiss first : then both (but with no enemy)
In power and honour safely may contend."

The younger leaps upon the elder's neck
And kisses it and kisses it again :
The austerer could not, tho' he would, resist
Those rapid lips ; one kiss he did return,
Whether the influence of the God prevail'd,
Or whether 'tis impossible to stand
Repelling constantly a kindly heart.
But neither his proud words did he remitt
Nor resolution : he began to boast

How with his radiant fire he had reduced
The ancient Chaos ; how from heaven he drove
The darkness that surrounded it, and drew
Into their places the reluctant stars,
And made some stand before him, others go
Beyond illimitable space ; then curb'd
The raging sea and chain'd with rocks around.

“ Is not all this enough for you ? ” exclaimed
The brother ; “ must my little realm be stript
Of every glory ? You will make me proud
In speech, refusing what is justly due.
Upon my birth the golden ether smiled.
What Chaos was I know not, I confess ;
I would let every star fly where it list,
Nor try to turn it : her who rules them all
I drew behind the Latmian cliffs ; she prayed,
She promist ever to perform my will
Would I but once be friendly. 'Twas her first,
'Twas her last vow . . and it was made to *me*.
Now you alike inhabit the same heaven,
And she must know you, yet none other Love
Acknowledges save him whom you despise.

To me what matter are the raging seas,
Curb'd or uncurb'd, in chains or out of chains ?
I penetrate the uttermost retreat
Of Nereus ; I command, and from the deep
Dolphins rise up and give their pliant backs
For harps to grate against and songmen ride ;
And, when I will'd it, they have fondly wept
For human creatures human tears, and laid
Their weary lives down on the dry sea-sand.
Desert thou some-one, and he knows it not ;
Let me desert him, let me but recede
One footstep, and funereal fire consumes
His inmost heart.

“ The latest guest above
With basket overturn'd and broken thread
Lay lithe as new-mown grass before the gate
Of Omphale : a fondled whelp tug'd off
The lion-skin, and lept athwart his breast.
Vast things and wonderful are those you boast.
I would say nothing of the higher Powers,
Lest it might chafe you. How the world turns round
I know not, or who tempers the extremes

Of heat and cold and regulates the tides.
I leave them all to you : give me instead •
Dances and crowns and garlands ; give the lyre,
And softer music of the river-side
Where the stream laps the sallow-leaves, and breaks
The quiet converse of the whispering reeds :
Give me, for I delight in them, the clefts
Of bank o'ergrown by moss'es soft deceit /
I wish but to be happy : others say
That I am powerful : whether so or not
Let facts bear witness : in the sun, the shade,
Beneath the setting and the rising stars
Let these speak out ; I keep them not in mind.”
“ Scarce less thy promises” the other cried.
He smiled and own'd it.

“ You will soon educe
Bolder assertion of important deeds
Who things terrestrial haughtily despise.
Decline your presence at the blissful couch,
And boast you never make those promises
Which make so many happy, but with eye
Averted from them gaze into the deep,

Yet tell me, tell me, solemn one, that swearest
By that dark river only, *who* compel'd
Pluto to burn amid the deepest shades,
Amid the windings of the Stygian stream
And panting Phlegethon ? while barkt the dog
Three-throated, so that all his realm resounds.
And *who* (here lies the potency) *who* made
The griesly Pluto please the captive bride ?
Mere sport ! If graver, better, things you want,
This is the hand, and this the torch it held
(You might have heard each drop the Danaïd
Let fall, Ixion's wheel you might have heard
Creak, as now first without his groans it roll'd)
When the fond husband claspt Eurydice,
And the fond wife the earliest slain at Troy."

The arbiter embraced him : more composed
He turn'd toward the other and pronounced
This sentence.

" O most worthy of thy sire
The Thunderer ! to thy guidance I committ
The stars (if he approve of it) and storms
And seas, and rocks coercing their uproar,

If Amphitrite smile, if Neptune bend.
But, O thou smaller one of lighter wing,
Source of the genial laugh and dulcet smile,
Who makest every sun shed softer rays,
And one sole night outvalue all that shine,
Who holdest back (what Jove could never do)
The flying Hours ! thou askest nought beyond ;
And this do I award thee. I bestow
On thee alone the gentle hand hand-linkt . .
Thy truest bond . . on thee the flowers, the lyre,
The river's whispers which the reeds increase,
The spring to weave thy trophies, the whole year
To warm and fill it with the balm of spring.
Only do thou " . . he whispered in the ear
Of Love, and blushed in whispering it . . " incline
Ianthe . . touch her gently . . just the point . .
Nor let that other know where thou hast aim'd."

XXIX. THE LAST OF ULYSSES.

Sing we the last of that man's days who tore
From Troy its safeguard, not against the will
Of Pallas ; Pallas brought him safely home.

Be with us, daughter of Mnemosyne !
Thou who, altho' thou visitest the abyss
Of Etna, where Enceladus is bound,
Tempestuous giant, mad with impotence,
And darest walk by Styx and Phlegethon,
Nor dreadest, bolt in hand, the Thunderer,
Yet from Sorrento gazest with delight
On waves so softly voluble. To these
I also turn : I seek that shore alone
Where stiffens on high rocks the hoary moss,
Too close and hard for idle child to strip
Or singing-bird to twine round slender nest.
When mute the trumpet of Misenus, mute
The Sybil's cave, when o'er Parthenope
Crumbles the bust and scarce her name remains,
Thou holdest up the deeds of glorious men
And followest their funerals with song.

Tell us then in what region sank to rest
Ulysses ; say, what did he, suffered he,
When he departed homeward from these shores ?

Ogygia's secret, Circe's festive, bower,
Faithless to hospitality, we leave,
And harp that Phœbus scorns, and woof unseen
Of Pallas, tho' its shuttle be of gold :
Better by far to mark how pure and firm
Connubial bonds in life and death are blest.

Jove pitied him who, after toils which man
Had never undergone, was guided now
By Pallas : he decreed in recompense
Penelope not only should retain
Her love and duty, but her youth and charms.
Many the marvels his eventful life
Had witness ; this more marvelous than all
Was unobserv'd ; not through ingratitude ;
But such he ever thought her ; such she seem'd
In grace and beauty at all after-times
As when he left her to depart for Troy,
Or when he led her, with the fife before,
Under the garlands of her father's gate.

That which the God now gave her seem'd her due,
Her property ; he never fear'd that age
Or fate could alter beauty such as hers.

He who sees all things saw the hero's mind.

The crowd of suitors own'd the miracle ;
And now the wretched men began to fear
Who rioted so loosely in the house.

How late their piety ! how scant their shame !
How rapidly death's wide and downward road
Opens before them ! opens, yet unseen.

Indignant that Penelope had borne
So long their importunities and threats,
And that Ulysses had in vain escaped
Calypso's wiles and Circe's bristling caves,
In vain had brought the archer back to Troy
With arrows poison'd in the hydra's blood,
The Sire to Venus " Highth of wickedness !
Those suitors, once so patient, now abstain
Not even from the choicest of the herd,
Fatten'd, at his return, for us above :
Nor these alone the wretches would consume,
But their fierce lust burns fiercer from delay.

I doubt not . . . beauty often counsels ill . . .
If hope, if pleasure, give a brighter glow,
Or any deity her charms increase . . .

I doubt not . . . I fear greatly . . . that, subdued
By ardent prayers she lend a patient ear.
The more I dread it lest Minerva's ire
Again be kindled : therefor I abstain,
As thou dost wisely, daughter, from offence.
Within twelve days 'tis destin'd he returns
For whom thou, Venus, hast thro' wars and waves
Preserv'd the flame so vivid. Fate decrees
(What I could wish Fate never had decreed)
That the last comer carry off the prize,
Meeting her earliest on the twelfth day's morn.
A crowd of lovers shakes the faith of few,
He shakes it who stands back and waits his hour.
I hope she may not meet the better man
Than her Ulysses : if she should so meet
That better man, I would not he prevail."

Venus had listened to this wily speech
Fearing lest strong commands might follow it,
But when her father added nothing more

She fancied she could over-reach the wise
And potent, and make Pallas feel her might.

No hesitation : thro' the air she flies,
She stands before Penelope asleep,
And thus, without awakening her.

“ The first
In the twelfth morn who meets thee, shall be held
By thee in love unbroken, and subdue
Whatever enemy advances near.”

Close to the bed she goes, and there she stops,
Admiring her own gifts : then to herself,
“ If Paris had beheld thee . . but just then
Thy husband took thee from the Spartan land . .
I was wrong then . . I am much wiser now . .
But, had he seen thee, he, his house, his realm,
Had stil been safe ; no guest betraid, no wrath,
By armure ript from heroes drag'd thro' dust,
By temples sunk in ashes, by the wounds
Of Gods, and even their bloodshed, unappeas'd.”
Gazing once more ere vanishing, she said
“ How beautiful ! how modest ! ”

When that morn

Advances, she repents the doom it brings,
And fears him angry whom she little fear'd
So gracious : now she wishes she may fail
In what she most desired : she blames her power
Of eloquence, to which Minerva's self
Must yield a victory greater than the last.
What should she do ? alas ! what had she done ?
Unduteous wishes she would now unwish.
Upon no land is rest for her ; no land
Can hide, not all Idalia shade her guilt,
Nor clouds of incense from a hundred shrines.
To heaven, where only there is peace, she flies,
Pity of Jove and pardon to implore.
With placid brow he heard his daughter plead.
Turning her eyes decorous from his face,
Distantly first she stood, then cast herself
Before his knees : he rais'd her and spake thus :
“ Did not thy hand, my daughter, which of late
Covered with cloud Anchises' son, and led
To Africa, lead him whom thou hast blest,
Ulysses ? for already hath he past
His city-gate, unknown, and hath approacht

The queen, a welcome unexpected guest.
See what your efforts, in a single day,
Applied with such discretion, can achieve !
Yea, I have granted . . if indeed thy power
Hath any need of mine . . that lasting love
Unite the brave and constant : but within
Thy rule this lies, when Juno hath approved.
Seldom with Juno art thou so agreed,
And seldom hast thou sanction'd so her bonds.
Behold what feats conjointly ye perform !
I too, by somewhat, slightly may assist.
Ulysses in the vigour of his youth
(Rejoice with me) shall flourish, and shall crush
All enemies he finds beneath his roof :
Moreover (and in this with me rejoice)
Beneath a calmer sky his day shall close.”
Astonisht at these words the Goddess wept
Thro’ very shame, and hated Pallas more.
Ah ! we must now away from gentle Gods,
The Muse forbidding us to look behind
Or tarry longer. I would not decline
To sing of shipwrecks, wanderings, battles fought

By one against so many, thro' the love
He bore his wife, fought under her defence
Who shatters with her ægis arms unchaste :
For neither song hath fail'd me nor the blast
Of trumpet. Harder is the task, and skill
Greater, to take from age its weariness,
To give slow years fresh movement, and bear up
Sorrows when friends and household Gods are far.
He must himself relate the larger part
Of what befell him : audience will he find
In Arpi ; there he hopes to close his life
With Diomed, short as that life may be.

Thither he came, unknown ; and there he saw
In a close valley near his narrow walls,
Enjoying young men's games, the generous king.
Pleas'd he lookt on awhile, then took his seat
Among the elders, in the grass by holm
Oershadow'd ; and there sate he til the stars
Threw tremulous light among the dusky leaves
And over was the contest : then the prince
Distributed the prizes : when the last
Had been awarded, the Dulichian chief

Bespake him thus, from full and throbbing heart.

“Glorious in war we knew thee ; now in peace
Well hast thou garner'd up what best befits
The armury of Mars against foul days,
And Themis best in her old house protects.
Few things are pleasant to my wearied eyes,
But this is pleasant.

“I have given help
Erewhile, and now I ask it : thou alone,
O son of Tydeus ! hast deserv'd that Heaven
To all thy wants and wishes should incline.”

He groan'd : more closely Diomed embraced
That brave and faithful breast : he yearn'd to hear
What had befallen him the Greek most Greek.

From a huge bowl he casts its crown away
And pours out wine to Jupiter, then drinks
And gives it to the guest, and kindly jeers
His temperate draught, and bids the boys around
Fill it again while it is yet half-full.
The handmaids gather nigh : one brings the vase
Smoking with water pure ; another (white
From dewy meadow what herself had spun)

The soft long napkin ; many more are charged
With baskets, such as Ceres smiles to see,
Full of her gifts . . . all anxious to behold
That equal chieftain whom their master loved.
From ash and pine high leaps the flame, to glad
A guest beneath chill mountain shade received.
Warm grew the heroes mid redundant bowls,
And life-like boar, and black and ridgy hoof
Announcing good old stag, and joke, the growth
Of generous cheer : but moments there were yet
When he of Ithaca could ill suppress
A sigh, a groan . . . thus with blithe voice reproved.

“ Do not too much lament that thou hast left
The chaste Penelope : it griev’d thee less
For Circe and Calypso, whom the gods
Endowed with deathless beauty like their own.
If cares which touch all mortals move thee so,
And children, and that ill-persuading heed
Of what is future or may never be,
If thou hast lost Telemachus in fight
Or wreckt at sea in seeking thee, my hills
Will soon repair that loss, will soon rebuild

Thy house again : here virgin manners dwell
In virgin bodies active fresh and firm.
Tender are women in a tender age,
The heart grows harder as the years advance.
One thing is constant with them : never laid
Is the dread specter of departed youth ;
By day, by night, it rises in its pride ;
And often wilt thou wonder, often grieve,
To see the necklace of a smooth round neck
From throat ferruginous hang thinly down.
Even the scorpion in its early day
Shows milky whiteness ; its pellucid breast
Quivers with gentle fiber ; take it up,
And its worst anger is quite innocent ;
But thou wouldst shake it off thee when its arms
Livid with venom varicate amain."

Ulysses smiled in silence ; to his mind
Ægiale * with Cyllabaros return'd.
But Diomed continued, " What forbids
That we should now be comrades, we whom Mars
So soon united when we first bore arms ?

* Ægiale, the adulterous wife of Diomed.

If this my house and this my realm were closed,
Or not in common, to the man with whom
Dangers were ever common, day and night,
When, most successful prest the Phrygian foe,
And the Gods lowered most angrily, because
Of Venus wounded and their pride abased,
I should be such a hoste as Polypheme
Or Polymnestor, nor deserve thy stay.
The aged Daunus bade the Hesperian hinds
Obey my scepter : I engaged to guard
Their cots and pastures with C^Etolian arms :
On these conditions I became their king.
Hence the Salentine hills another race
Now holds, and all those regions where once reign'd
Iapyx, sprung of Dædalus.

“ In vain

From the Rutulian king came Venulus,
Swelling with recent war, and bearing high
His crest above its changes, to attract
My arms across the mountains, on a foe
Of other days, whose mother from my spear
Protected him. I envy not the dower

Latinus gives him. That he merited
Wide lands and royal bride even those confess
Who seldom do confess another's worth.
Yet fear I not the Dardan : far away
From countries over which his scepter sways,
We rear our castles upon rocks abrupt,
That, none offending us, offending none,
We may enjoy our own . . and unendower'd.
Remote from us be war and cause for war ;
And may that pious man his hands abstain,
Nor fancy fate hath given him whate'er
The plenteous fields of Italy produce,
But, above all, stop short in his career
Before it reach Messapiusis domain,
Bounding the lands of Daunus, our allie ;
Else he may see the gift of Vulcan hang
Against our temple-walls, and, vanquisht thrice,
May only have the comfort to believe
That, were even Hector living, he had fail'd.
Much has he ; let him have it. Trojan spoil
Procures for me the comforts of old-age :
Let those who list remember what I was,

The proud invader what I am shall see.
All I desire is to secure my throne
And give my people few and equal laws.
Nor does that people with ungrateful mind
Repay my cares ; nor sterile is our glebe,
Nor under influence of malignant star.
If from Etolia far indeed remote,
If far away Evenus paces slow
Among rich pastures where the quoit sinks deep,
At least Atrides sways no scepter here.”

Then spake Ulysses.

“ Whence, illustrious son
Of Tydeus ! whence this hatred ? Of all Greeks
Never was one more duteous to his chief ;
A great man’s no small praise ; may this be thine,
And leave to weaker an indocile rage.”

Then smiled the founder of the Arpine walls.
“ All things are bearable to him who rose
In valour equal to the first in rank.
Son of Laertes ! in those times I held
My peace, thou knowest ; valour was enough
For me ; worse men commanded. Do those men

Restore our kingdoms ? Are we not exiled
From our own fields, from our own household Gods ?
Did I petition ? askest thou ? Compel'd
So far not even the exile is, whose shade
Must wander under these Italian skies.
To ask, is buying at too high a price.
Let the spear bring me what is mine, or rest
For ever ! Can men's prayers avail when men
Themselves are nothing ! Should I try to move
The lofty whom my name could never reach ?
But, O thou sprung from Mercury ! when praise
Descends from thee or any thy compeer,
The lost I seek not, nor do things to come
The present quiet of my soul disturb.

“ From Neritos a pinnace had arrived
And told us thou hadst to thy home return'd,
And found there those who had bemoan'd thee lost,
Sometimes in forein lands, sometimes (as dreams
Or vague reports were prevalent) by death ;
Told us not only that thy aged sire
Thy boy and thy sweet partner thou hadst found,
But overcome her suitors, slaying all.

Was it not pleasant to thee, looking on,
To see the mistress and her maidens trip
Away to hide the sable vests they wore,
While there was time ; and the next morn to hear
How warm and pressing the domestic siege,
To hear the words and voices mockt so well ?
It did amuse ; and now it should console.
But tell me what good fortune (such is mine)
Restores thee to me ? Has the wrath of Heaven,
Or prepotence of Circe, been the cause
Of this last absence from thy native land ? ”

With downcast eyes Ulysses thus replied.
“ She, if she could, would not have done me ill.
She sprinkled my companions with her bane
And changed their figures : me, than bane or spell
More potent, love preserv’d. I am ashamed
To own it . . one whole year . . by love, by hope,
By all vain images her charms could raise . .
The fair Persëis my frail heart enthral’d.
Lost all the rest, one only ship, one wreck,
Escaping from the Læstrigons, had reacht
The fatal shore.

“ I yield to sleep my eyes
Weary with watching, rigid with the salt
That hung upon them. In a dream I see
Penelope : I know that golden hair
Braided and bound as usual close behind,
And that green tunic which the Dryads wear
Following Diana thro’ the sunny dew.
I stretch my arms to clasp her ; she escapes
The embrace ; not vanishing to empty air ;
Her form, her voice, her gentle speech, remain.
‘ Cease, O Ulysses ! cease at length to mourn
My absence, my departure : none among
The Achaian chiefs to happy homes return ;
Another torch hath lit beloved wives,
Children so cherisht roam in other lands ;
But me, besought until my latest hour
By many suitors, no new love hath toucht
(Gods ! bear me witness !) nor untimely fate
By Dian’s dart oertaken me ; but grief
Perpetual for thy loss, thy toils, thy woes,
Thy wanderings over every land and sea,
And rising over all, thy manly breast,

Thy beauteous image . . these, Ulysses ! these
Wasted my youth, now mingled with the shades.
Farewell, farewell ! enjoy this tranquil land
Blest with eternal spring ; remember me ;
But not too fondly, lest enjoyment cease.'

“ Again I rush to her embrace ; I wake.
My eyes see nothing round me, now disturb'd
By weeping, nothing but dark cypresses
And lofty cedars over me, and spred
Along the shore the thin-leav'd olive-tree,
And, wet with tears, the turf whereon I slept.
But somewhat like the presence of that dear
Devoted head remain'd : the chamber-sound
Of her sweet accents warbled in my ear,
Her flower-like hair exhaled its odour stil.
‘ Restore me, O Persephone ! ’ I cried,
‘ That fond, that faithful one ! Why intercept
The coming years of the most beautiful,
O house of Pluto ! gladden'd by no grace ?’

“ To these complainings evermore renew'd
I added all that grief could add, and all
That madness and impiety could urge.

“ Under this form the daughter of the Sun
Deluded me, rejoicing in the groans
Of spell-bound sleep, and wishing me to share
Her bed for life. Time and assiduous love
Softened my sorrow : but my hands and eyes
Often I rais’d to Pallas, and implored
She would not utterly abandon me,
Unworthy, yet desirous to return
Beneath her holy guidance. When the Nymph
Found me devoted to appease that Power
Which in the perils of uncertain war
And on the Ionian and Sicilian sea
Was alway present, she assumed her form
And with her voice detain’d me, loth to part.
No longer could Tritonia then endure.
While I was praying that, since Heaven had will’d
Penelope should leave me for the Shades
And nought on earth so cherisht should be mine,
I might in duty prop my father’s age,
Suddenly at this prayer from open skies
In gorgon terrors came the Virgin down
And stood before the guilty.

“ ‘ Thou hast dared,
And with impunity ’ the Goddess cried,
“ To simulate another : but to lift
Minerva’s helmet on a shameless brow,
Minerva’s ægis o’er a breast impure,
Themis and he who rules the Gods forbid.
Now then, since thou hast broken every bond
Whereby thou passest human life in years,
Tho’ I could justly mulct thee of them all,
Not one I take away from thee ; I leave
The number, stripping them of graceful youth
And giving helpless solitary age.’
She spake, and rose, and vanisht in the clouds.
The Nymph grew hideous ; her indignant voice
Lost its own likeness ; and, that nought remain
Of tender to compassionate, her tears
Were taken from her ; she could wail, not weep.
Cold, to the inmost chamber, is the air
Of the whole house ; still are the grots ; the birds
Are silent in the grove ; the shrivel’d vine
Drops from the tree, the ivy from the wall.
Stupefied at the sight, with faltering voice

I call upon the Goddess, now averse.
Regardless, or forgetting me, not once
Had that stern eye been bent on me, not once
While she was nearer dared I lift up mine.

“ I leave the sadden’d shore, lone, helpless, wild
From crowding thoughts. Accurst with guiltiness
I knew not whither I should bend my way,
But was resolved on going. Swift my step
By the blood’s tide, and thirsty was my tongue ;
I sought the fountain ; its perennial source
Shrank up before me, and where water flow’d
Nothing was left but one dry black lagoon.
What evils, thought I, had I not deserv’d !
What punishment, that Rhadamanthus dooms
Or *Æacus*, my ancestors to bear,
Was not alike my due ? Such thoughts revolved
In my sad breast ; but milder now succede,
And tears, profusely running down, assuage
The storm of grief, and nourish hopes again ;
They buoy up distant Ithaca, they bring
Before my eyes their fairest first delights,
They bring Eurotas back to me, that stream

Which ran so lucidly along the field
Of good Icarius ; I behold afresh
The plighted hand, the overtaken bride,
The cheek upon my shoulder, and the veil
Which stil to Modesty the Spartan maids
At the turf altar dedicate in song.
Above all other thoughts that bride arose,
Chaste, beauteous ; and Telemachus her son."

Diomed heard in silence all he said . .
In silence . . not unmoved. As the clear steam
Of wood, however season'd, hurts the eyes,
He backt his seat and turn'd them just aside
And drew his hand across them once or twice,
Then, after short delay, nor late at night,
Wisht placid slumber to his weary guest.

SECOND PART.

At morn the Arpine youth with zeal prepare
Nets, dogs, and whatsoever else the brave
Delight to pass their time in : but at eve
Again did Diomed entreat to hear
(Be there no woman in them) more events.

“ Let Atlas’ daughter in sea-sounding woods
Weep on ; and farewell Circe. Thy device
With Polypheme hath shaken every side ;
But tell us how, a shepherd as he was,
Nor spent, like others of that race, his life
In caves, nor struck from anvil all day long
The sparkling splinters of resounding iron,
How could his cruelty all theirs surpass ? ”

Ulysses answered.

“ Often I revolv’d
That prodigy ; nor would Sicilia’s sons
Explane it while he lived : when fear had ceast
They told this story.

“ While his brothers, some
Piped, and some danced, all revel’d, all drank deep,
Polypheme wandered in wild solitudes,
In easy meadow-land or green spring-corn
Or \mathbb{E} tna’s flowery dells, where fancy chose.
Aglauros led his sportive kids, his goats,
Intractable, his kine, his mother ewes
And lambs aside them, and their wether chief,
Among the groves and fields : as seasons changed

These heard their placid shepherd, whom they lov'd
For change of pasture, and could recognise
His voice, however far ; and down they ran
Trooping and stirring up a world of dust.
The Cyclops laugh'd at seeing it, and wisht
To bring them in like manner to his call
And make them sport about him ; so he gave
A loud shrill whistle : herds and flocks ran off,
And Polyphemus was left with Polyphemus.

“ Aglauros laugh'd aloud. The Cyclops cried,
‘ What ! with thy poisons, with thy eye, thy tongue,
Withdrawest thou my lambs, and drivest thus
My herds, as with a gadfly at the nose ? ’

“ Fear struck the youth : swift as the wind he ran
To the sea-shore and hid him in its caves.
But when the Cyclops found that neither flock
Nor shepherd would return, he went to trace
The footmarks ; unsuccessfully : he cast
On his sire Neptune words of scorn, and jeer'd
The trident, which had let the tide prevail
And every print from under disappear.

“ Gentler of aspect soon, throughout the shore

He cries ' Return, Aglauros ! By the earth,
The seas, the stars, I swear, and every God
Above me and below ! fear not ; from harm
Safe shalt thou be as thou hast ever been.'

" Whether he now began to trust in words

All Gods were sworn by, whether hunger prest,
On the fourth day crept out the wretched man.
Now did the giant's bowels yearn with joy
At once and trepidate with bursts of ire.

' Behold the faithless shepherd who withdrew
His master's flocks ! Thee never shall my loss
Enrich. Go, seek the shore again ; go, find
A deeper cavern, a more sure retreat.'

" Then was the giant seen to seize the youth
In vain imploring ; seen to crush his cheeks
With knotty pine ; tho' all who saw it ran,
And only know, beside, that round his head
Something was whirl'd, and then a far-off wave
Opened, and closed, and whitened those around.

" The sheep came back the first, and last the kids,
Long speculating from the highest crags
And closest coverts : to those kids and sheep

Never came back Aglauros, never more
Against the empty milk-pail struck his pipe
At eventide, nor oped the wicker gate
Under his hand to free the flock at morn.
Lone, inaccessible, the Cyclops drove
His brethren from him, drove the gentle Nymphs
Napæan, who scarce ventured to approach
In pity of his anguish : with loud shouts
He frighten'd them away, and pelted sore
With cedar cones the slim white backs they turn'd.
Thro' teeth shut close he curses the whole sex,
Calls them all malice, calls them all deceit,
Then takes his reed, begins, breaks off, resumes
A hoarse, a strident, an unripen'd song.
When, whether heat or idleness impels,
He plunges with loud plangor from a rock
Or ancient turret on the sea below,
And makes it quail and yield to him, up springs
A griesly specter, and rolls underneath
His heaving bosom, which surmounts the waves
By half its bulk. The shapeless form casts back
On the dense foam its dark dishevel'd hair ;

Nor can he seize it with his grasp, nor drag
With hooked iron, nor with stones submerge,
Nor crush it with his cypress staff, nor turn
His eyes away from eyes as wildly fixt.
He speaks ; he listens ; waits ; bends down an' ear
Now to the right, now to the left ; and hears
Remurmur low deep sounds. The shapeless form
Swells on the foam with dark dishevel'd hair ;
Sometimes, as waving from it human aid
Or imprecation of inhuman foe,
Tosses its arm, circling the surge, reclined ;
Sometimes, in power above life's power, erect.
Not only in the daylight, but in sleep
Rises that lurid image ; near, more near,
It comes before the gasper's face, and all
The giant's prowess one weak swing throws down.
His whole vast breast flows o'er with bitterness,
From what makes bad men worse, from solitude,
Strength uncontrollable and passion spurn'd.
This was (where Scylla and Charybdis rave)
The direst vision of Sicilian seas.
Be sure I quit not Sicily so griev'd

As quitting Circe. This I learnt of her ;
Not to be caught with honied words by Nymphs
Or toy with perils.

“ I retrieve a heart

Mindful that pious love once dwelt within,
And only tenderer for its last offence.
Goddess, or woman goddess-like in form
And blandly answering every care and thought,
May touch us, and may draw us from ourselves,
Yet always is there something we once had
And have not now ; a void we pant to fill.

“ Minerva had admonisht me by night
That a wide water yet remain’d to cross,
And various toils beside ; Ogygia’s groves,
The evil pleasures of a vacant mind,
The Sirens’ rocks, the Sirens too themselves,
Insults and wrongs at home, and other ills,
Again departing, I must undergo.
Who with Calypso knows not my sojourn ?
For swiftly fly bad actions into fame ;
The better follow slowly, and receive
Unwelcome entrance to half-open ears.

“ With little pleasure the Trinacrian coast
And Sirens I remember, and the song
As my prow sounded passing thro’ their rocks,
When they came forward and this voice was heard :

“ ‘ Ah ! whither art thou hastening ? Too severe
Have been thy sufferings, O Laertes’ son,
By sea and land ; too false have been thy joys,
If joys they were. Behold our glebe ! behold
Green here is winter, summer here is green,
Nor Sirius burns nor Pleiad deluges
Nor with sharp hailstones Eurus strips our vines,
Nor waste the cattle with disease, nor crops
With mildew. See ! how brightly shines our sun,
And far from cities what calm lives we lead. ’

“ But when they mark the sail flap past their song,
‘ O ! land at least that thou mayst learn thy fate ’
Cry all at once and spread their arms to heaven.
I shudder : my companions are intent
On catching more, and loath to turn the prow.
We furl to hearken, and along the thwarts
Sit silent : then upon the breeze is borne
This one clear voice.

“ ‘ O thou, who dost contemn
The Sirens and their pleasures ! hasten home,
Revisit wife and son : thy son . . mark this . .
Shall be thy death.’

“ My knees sink under me.

Calypso had this very fate foretold
In verse unvarying. Tears Calypso shed,
The Siren sang it and her cheek was dry.
And now **Atlantia**’s prophecy came home,
Neglected while deliver’d. For we know
The loving fear sad things when lovers part,
And fancy one weak word may hold them back.
She blusht not, even tho’ Mercury stood by,
To waste her bloom with overflow of tears,
Albeit he brought his mighty Sire’s command
To hasten my return nor brook delay.
Fainting, she thought of me ; she sob’d, and said
My fate was harder than my faults deserv’d.
“ Compel’d then am I, wretched ! to foreknow
Inevitable fate, fate so austere
That no impiety could merit it,
While from all other mortals their last hour

Soft shades and kindly darkness have conceal'd.
What should I do ? and whither fly ? Again
Implore the Goddess whose neglected will
Was manifest ?

“ Again did she command :
And now am I obedient. Go I will ;
I will go home.

“ O powerfulest of Gods !
Avert but this one evil from my house,
From my Telemachus ! Long after me
Grant he may live, and ever bear in mind
What was his father . . at whose breast he hung . .
And may his love and virtue equal hers !

“ I reach the rocks of Ithaca, the house
Of old Laertes. Is he yet alive ?
Lives yet that good old man ? Lives yet that wife
So cherish't ? Lives that son whom neither threat
Nor omen shall detain from my embrace,
Telemachus ?

“ A street I enter, fill'd
With joyous boys whose mothers were unborn
When last I left it. While my eyes grow dim

By looking out for one of riper age,
Lo, suddenly the Goddess ! She arrests
My hurried step, beheld by me alone ;
I turn ; she teaches what I must perform.

“ Deceived is he who thinks to find at home
The close of his misfortunes. I was griev'd
Now to dissemble ; but too great the need.
I did dissemble when that faithful wife
Wept in my presence my sure death, and askt
About the man whom all men must have known,
And whom I had confest to her I met
When Troy was fallen, when the Achaian ships
(Scatter'd by crime in Ajax) all were wreckt,
And many perish't in the Euboic sea.

“ ‘ Ah ! ’tis no little ’ said she ‘ to have seen,
And only seen, one ever dear, one torne
From my sad youth, one so long hoped in vain.
Until he come, if come he may, my house
Shall cherish thee, and tend thy coming age.
Thy strength is yet unshaken, but will want
A thousand cares one weaker can supply.
For our last days roll like the wintry flood

In rapid course away : at morn, at eve,
We stand and wonder it has not gone down.
No guest more welcome enters thro' our gate
Than one who dares admonish evil minds
How great, how brave, my husband is, how sure
All their transgressions shortly to chastize.'

“ Fixt by her sorrowing constancy I stood.
Open and dry an iron hardness held
My eyes while she was speaking : to relax,
To clasp her, Pallas and the Fates forbade :
In the wide hall the bow must first be bent,
The crowd of daring suitors swept away.
I did indeed at that same hour expect
The fatal weapon me too would transfix,
And yet abstain'd I from admonishing
My son about the prophecy, for fear
That his first feat in arms might be less firm,
Exhorting him however to avoid
The too close columns, lest they intercept
Or turn aside his arrow, when the wrongs
Of sire and mother rouse his vengeful wrath.
The Gods have been more gracious : stil I breathe,

Stil we breathe all : the foe alone breathes not.

“ Then what embraces, then what joys, were ours !
To Pallas, and to Juno, who preserves
The marriage-torch, and to the sire of Gods,
And to thee, Mavors ! brother and support
Of Justice ! prayers we offer, incense burn.
Nor was the altar cold, before my wife,
Mindful how often to and fro her room
She went to weave and to unweave the web,
Suspended it to Herè. She return'd
And, as Laertes sat enjoying all
The bliss of sunshine, said to him

“ ‘ Forgive,

Dear father ! if thee also I deceiv'd,
Looking each evening at the unravel'd work ;
Forgive me if I keep it not to wrap
Thy bones ! With better omens time enough
Is there to weave another. May the Gods
Grant me to work as hard and watch as long
Before thou want it, blessed dear old man ! ’

“ Alas ! from what a wife (how brief the space !)
Destiny calls me ! Pious, brave, benign,

I found Telemachus, and loath to bear
The scepter of his sire. I loved to see
One so distrustful of his years, and one
Who counted not his father's.

“ Can then youth
Indeed be slow to seize the loosen'd reins ?
Willingly less than whom the Gods forsake ?
He was . . I led him where green pastures breath'd
With oxen, horses, sheep ; where fruit mature
Swel'd on the branches, and where yellow corn
Droopt in luxuriant heaviness of ear,
And said

“ ‘ Look round, Telemachus ! the fruit
(Thinkest thou not ?) from storm and rain secure,
Is fit to gather and the grain to reap.’

“ ‘ Let it be done ’ said he. ‘ I will return
To-morrow for thy orders.’

“ I embrace
The duteous youth, and add in graver voice,
‘ No other is my life : it too hath borne
Its storms, and now is ripened. They to whom
All things must yield, the Gods above refuse

My day to close in Ithaca : I go :
This little land is not enough for both,
And there are others that require my care.'
He stood in wonder : then he cast himself
Before my knees, and cried. ' Is then my love
So doubtful ? Must worse trial be endured ?
Say, father ! tell me what thou threatenest.
Can such be thy resolve ? We are secure
Now those proud men are slain. Thy sire and thou
Lived with one heart : the land was then enough
For him and thee ; ah ! why not now for us ?
A thousand animals thou seest around,
Thou seest the city's flower successively
Spring up : age sinks not at the rise of youth.
Of all this people shall thy son alone,
He who thro' barbarous lands and stormy seas
Sought out his father, shall Telemachus,
Soon as the prayer is heard, the blessing given,
Be wanting to all duty, nor revere
In that beloved father his grey hairs ?
For this hath Pallas deign'd to guide my steps
Or Jove to regulate my natal hour ?

Could he who from Olympus keeps his eye
On guest and hoste, suppresses guilt conceal'd,
Extinguishes guilt manifest, preserves
Fathers . . himself the father of the Gods . .
Could he, the Avenger, see such crimes start up
Nor hurl his lightnings on the guilty head ? '

“ Farther he urges me ; until he hears
All that the Siren and Calypso sang.
Pale was his face ; to heaven his hands he rais'd
And ‘ Milder be the omen ’ he exclaimed,
‘ Than our fears render it ! Ye Gods above,
Look on Ulysses ! spare him ! Too unblest
Already, never let his house be like
The house of Œdipus ! . . I go . . not thou.
The little ile of Capri lies at peace
Under the just Teleboans : Telon prunes
The vines Sebetis planted : opposite,
The Locrians plow : and farther to the north
The seed of Amphiaräus takes its root
Aside the falls of Anien. Let me haste
To any of these regions . . now, alas !
The more remote from native land, from thee,

Unhappy father ! and from all we love,
To live the less unhappy. Every land
Will show me many who have known thee great
And glorious. Here Idomeneus commands,
Sprung of Deucalion, leaving sons behind
In distant Crete unwillingly : at hand
Reigns he whom Troy most dreaded of the Greeks,
Tydides, equal to the Gods in fight.
Thither the bark which brought thee home again
Shall take me speedily. Like one escaped
From shipwreck, I will hold the altar's horn
Imploring Zeus to mitigate thy doom,
Until the doubtful omen be dissolv'd.'

“ ‘ What wouldest thou ? ’ I exclaime. ‘ Thou viewest
things

With youthful eyes, and lookest out for light
Where light ariseth not. Alas, my child !
Little thou know'st how heedless are the safe,
To kings how unacceptable a king
Reduced to flight or sunk to poverty.
The sun hates darkness, prosperous men hate woe.
Comfort thy mother, guard thy people, son !

I, trusting in Minerva, will depart.'

"Thrown on the dust, he would have answer'd ; words
Fail'd him, and tears dried up : his breast he smote,
Imploring all the Gods that they would change
What is unchangeable, with looks, with groans,
With sobs, with supplications.

"I resist

More sternly. Then, in calmer voice and lower,
But turning back his neck that what he felt
Might be the better hidden, then said he,
'The Gods have spoken when my father speaks.
While he was absent, his return I hoped . .
To hope was unforbidden . . now he goes
Casting all hope away, condemns, abjures
That piety which he and Heaven approved,
No time, no fortune, can assuage my loss.'
Silent and slow he follows to the house.
But at what hour and in what words advise
My wife of all I meditate ? My mind
Long wavers. I determine to conceal
The worst of ills forthcoming, and pretend
I must consult Dodona's oracle,

There to propitiate Zeus the Hospitable
For blood, tho' traitor's, shed beneath my roof.
To see her credulous of words so false
(Altho' I wisht it) gave my heart a pang
Til then unfelt. I took her hand, and wept.
This my fresh-springing grief her cheering voice
Represt, and '*Soon return*' was all she said.
Alas ! in striving to escape a fault,
A graver I committed. I deceiv'd
Her who deceiv'd not me in word or thought ;
Her I deserted who would follow me
In life, in death, nor leave me in the Shades."

THIRD PART.

After some days the vintage had been cull'd,
Which now the rustics celebrate with song,
Dance, merriment, jest, and sonorous laugh.
Diomed their ancestral jokes enjoys
From various wide-mouth'd formidable masks,
Commending to his guest the inventive race
That could devise such wonders. More inclined
Was he to wander in a lonely path,

Where ancient pine-woods to the sloping sun
Redden'd at eventide, or where the downs
Were scattered over with low brakes, or where
Garganus whiten'd with the Ionian wave.

The pliant airs that well obey the lip
And those that ivory tames with timely stroke
Sooth'd and dissolv'd his sorrows for awhile,
But, when they left him lonely, these return'd.

The leader of the *Ætolians* now perceiv'd
That neither feast nor holiday avail'd,
Nor hound nor horn nor battle won again,
And that from converse, cup, and music's bath
(Softener of care) he came out unrefresht.

Wherfor a ship he order'd to set sail
For Ithaca : there should Eurypylos
Tell how Ulysses had once more embraced
Tydides ; how he had been warn'd by Zeus
To leave his country, give his son his place,
And meet Penelope where house and home
And regal honours Diomed prepared.

Soon as he reaht the harbour, in the shade
Of Neritos which overhangs the town,

Eurypylos saw there a crowd stand round
A youth ; nor was there any who ran down
To hail the ship or moor it on the strand.
Few things this youth seem'd saying, many more
He askt, and to the elders bent his ear,
Better their tremulous voices to receive.
He stood : below him seated were the scribes
On right and left, to seize and crush vague words
That buzz about Law's image, and to grave
On brazen tablets what calm minds approved.

“ Ay ! here is something to delight thy heart,
Ulysses ! ” said he ; for he knew by gest
And feature 'twas Telemachus who spoke
And with his father's wisdom ruled the land.
Where dwells Penelope he now inquires.
One from amid the people, with his hand
Points to the place.

“ Lo ! yonder on the left,
Above the little hill : hers is that house
Which yon old pear-tree's shadow cuts across
And where swells out the hillock from its root.”

There finds he, in the inner court retired,

Penelope. She knelt at prayer, that soon
And prosperously her husband may return,
And spend old-age, if but old-age, at home.
Hearing that he was safe, she thought the Gods
Had granted all her wishes : not, to leave
The race that honored her, not peril, toil,
Storm on the water, rocks along the coast,
A stranger's house, a land exposed to war,
Troubled her spirit ; not, of wing adverse,
Iapyx, fraught with wrecks and darkening heaven,
Nor, pallid from eternal lightning-flash,
Acrokeraunian thunder-rifted crags.
And winter too drew nigh : from every tree
The humid foliage o'er the grove was whirl'd
And the waves shuddered under Auster's blast.
The seventh morn had risen. Eurus, glad
To follow Phœbus, breath'd his favoring gale,
And ship and sailors of his native ile
Telemachus with prudent zeal prepared.
With his own hand he heapt upon the deck
Cups, goblets, salvers (strange barbaric signs
Engraven there, strange mystic arguments)

And, laid apart by frugal ancestors,
Much unwrought gold. Slowly and loath the maids
Folded the vestures of their parting queen ;
Purple, to robe her husband, once their lord,
And white, befitting both before the Gods.

Then did Penelope embrace her son
Soothing him with her gladness.

“ Short the way ”

She said “ that separates thy sire and me,
And safely dwells he in Hesperian fields :
There mayest thou revisit, every year,
Both parents, dearest son ! there every spring
I shall look out to see its earliest flowers
Fluttering, a little withered, on the mast.”

He groan’d, he prest her hand, he turn’d away,
And went strait home.

Now swells the sail, the waves
Plash louder and rise rougher up the prow,
And now the sailors in their hymns implore
The Gods presiding over winds and seas.
The anxious wife looks forward : wave and wave
In ceaseless chace advance. She looks behind :

On the hoar surface there the hills subside,
And from the victim a thin smoke ascends.
Then . . . whether were it for the land she left,
Or hope prefiguring the beloved man,
Or her son's tender piety . . . she wept.

Her mind grew calmer : rest, yet rest confused,
Came stilly over her : the inverted sky
Shining cerulean on cerulean sea,
The lapsing pinnace, the perpetual shower
Of golden sun-drops on the rippling wave,
Absorb'd her yielded eyes, no longer sad.
Yet every hour she thought the pinnace sail'd
Slower and slower, the bright day advanced
Less bright : and thus in sunny calm went three.
Upon the third, Ulysses from the sands
Descried a cloud grow whiter with a sail ;
Nor long before a prow swells and descends ;
Then level oars the river's course divide.
Doubtful whence comes that vessel, many shores
And many streams and wealthy marts arise
Before his vision, with their chiefs and kings :
Only one land escapes his mind ; that one

His own.

“ Perhaps tho’ (for the wind is fair)
It may have left Zacynthos : such the form
And such the colour of Zacynthan sails.”

At length he knew the master ; he was born
In little Asteris plow’d by shallow keels.

He knew and heard him nearer give command
To lower and furl the sail : but first he warn’d
The maidens to beware the cordage loost.

While as Ulysses pondered, at his side
There stood Eurypylos : in lighter skiff
He left the island, and before the dawn
Arrived at home. From him the hero prest
To hear exactly all that had occur’d.
Royal impatience of long narrative
Confused it : and there presently was that
Which brake and scattered all . . Penelope.

Each ran to the embrace.

“ So swift of foot !
So girlish ! ” cried he. “ Verily I think
The Gods have given back thy youth again !
May . . since the past returns . . may Arpi give,

To show thee welcome, all Amyclai gave ! ”

And often too when later years advanced
He sported thus ; nor knew the truth he spoke.
To make her more contented with her change,
He added, “ Sweet as were in other days
Täygetos, and woods where pealing horn
Challenged the hunter ; sweet beneath the cliffs
Midsummer shade and shade-born moss, retreat
Of maidens equal-aged ; yet nought beyond
Regrets that all young hours leave after them
Shall she experience who will tread henceforth
Valleys more soft than all she trod before.
Taburnus robed in roseate light serene
Here meets majestical the setting sun ;
Above his folds and swallow-nested roofs
Oak-crown'd the ridges of Garganus rise,
And clearest streams from their dark cooms descend.
On stream like these swam Helen's golden hair,
For stream like these her father swan left heaven.
This is the land where thou art to behold,
Born of the Gods, belov'd by them, a man
Whom, if Ulysses, if thy son, be dear,

For-ever thou must venerate. By his arms
Fell Ilion : Deities the most averse
Turn'd round to strengthen him : and he alone
Brought those he led to conquest safely home."

That man himself to greet them now advanced ;
But, coming nearer, doubt perplext his mind
Whether he might extend a hand to one
Upon whose brow sat majesty above
The majesty of mortal, to whose step
Modesty lent that quiet stateliness
Which Pride, if Pride were wiser, might assume.
He stops, and fixes on the earth his eyes.
A Goddess seems before him : shield and spear
He looks for : sees he Pallas ? How presume
To question why the expected stays behind ?
A rising sigh betrays the human breast.

" Penelope ! while thy Ulysses breathes "
Cried he " this scepter while Tydides wields,
And while the Father of the Gods and men
Sets right and wrong apart, thy womanhood
Never shall want the spear's true guardianship ;
No need of ægis o'er a breast like thine."

A place there is upon that kingdom's verge
O'er which the best of brave C^Etolians reign'd,
Near the sea-shore, but in a vale retired,
Where smoke ascended from few cottage-roofs
And the low copses round about ; there dwelt
An ancient race in ancient piety ;
And there Ulysses with the late restored
Design'd to pass what had not past of life.
And granted was the wish, on compact made
That every year, on their departure's day,
They should return and share the genial feast.

Italy now for many years had paus'd
From war and discord : Fame, who follows war
And discord eagerly, came well receiv'd
By those who rested from them, with her tale
Of each adventure to the heroes since ;
And who had died, and how ; what better luc
To those, the few, who breath'd in upper air ;
Under what auspices Petilia grew ;
Antenor's rising realm where loudly sounds
Timavus ; the contested Latian bride ;
The Alban range, and Tiber, on whose stream

Fate had decreed eternal walls should stand.
Another name the winged Goddess loved
To celebrate, one shining over earth,
A name at which all women threw aside
The spindle : ever wretched, ever true,
Was he who bore it : Circe hoped in vain,
In vain Calypso, to possess him, free
From combat, free from converse with mankind,
By seas and rocks enclosed and charms and spells.
Certain it is that yet in Italy
He lives, exempt from age and from disease,
Whether by Circe's or Calypso's gift
Uncertain, driven from his realm, receiv'd
In Arpi, guest of Diomed his friend.

The day appointed for the yearly feast
Of his reception, had curr'd : the pair
Enter, as wont, the gates of Diomed,
And all around is royal pomp displaid.
The whole house laughs with luxury ; the cheer
Rejoices it, the bearers of the cheer ;
It most is gladdened by its master's face.
Thro' the wide courts and thro' the country round

The lyre and pipe sprinkle and strengthen song.
Staid men warn off the noisier of the crowd
Coming too near the wine-cup's froth and hiss
And savory smoke from salvers. One alone
Resisted. He entreated them to tell
Ulysses that Telegonos was there.
He urged ; he call'd him father . . nor miscall'd.
After six moons had risen since the flight
Of her beloved husband (thus she named
Ulysses) Circe in her grot had borne
This boy, and, ever mindful of the sire,
Call'd him Telegonos, because his birth
Had happened when Ulysses was afar.
The men of Arpi and of Ithaca,
As the youth presses forward, are alert
In criminations, are alert in blows
Against the impostor who would simulate
Telemachus, but blundered in the name ;
These, adding to repulse whate'er a love
Of their young lord suggested ; those, whate'er
Of coarse and bitter rustic life supplied
And malice's contagion, swiftly spred

When the dense vulgar catches the disease.

Who shall record the rabble ? who pronounce

The barbarous names ? who care to know, if told ?

So loud the clangour of hell's clasping lash

About their sides, 'tis hard to catch them all,

But what are audible ye now shall hear.

Gabalus, whence in Italy the name

Of that accursed tree whereon he hung,

Who kept the gold entrusted to his care ;

Of pole fox-colored where pink baldness ceast,

Gabbus, who bade escape the thief he caught,

To share with him the spoil he bore away.

Bœthamus, bold in plunder, bold in wife,

He, and his sea-spawn brothers ; and, of gait

Countenance and demeanour brotherlike,

A dismal sister, hired at funerals

To howl in verse the praises of the dead ;

Following the father's footsteps all alike,

Who, in proportion to the bribe, from Jove

Or from Ixion traced a chief's descent.

There also stretcht Orsilochos, who knew

The names of horses, but Ulysses' name

He knew not. From the bench where he reclined
Uprear'd a little, heavily he croakt,
" What ! and shall we be standing here, and thou
Be seated at the feast ? "

More eagerly
Urges the youth, more ardently implores,
Calling on Gods and men. Rule, country, son,
Duteous, devoted, his Dulichian sire
Again shall find, not exile. Whether shame
Withheld him, or the Fates, no word said he
Of Circe who had borne him. Staves and clubs
Rattle around him : seamen, craftsmen, rush
Upon one man, and that one man unarm'd.
They close the gate against his issuing out :
Nor would it have avail'd : but stones are cast,
Sharp stakes protended. Inborn valour boils ;
He catches up and hurls the weapons back,
Wounded by many, sorely too assail'd
By stinging scorn.

While arms are ringing round,
Ulysses, hearing from within the noise,
And that, whatever be the cause, a man

Of his was harrast by assaults and jeers,
That stones were flying in the royal court,
Blows were redoubling, death was breath'd, rusht out
So insolent commotion to allay.

In Ithacan and Arpine, young and old,
Clamour and violence, louder, fiercer, swel'd ;
But with his eye, his hand, his voice, he checkt
The foremost. One step farther (such respect
All bore toward his dignity and age)
An open way was made. Phædon, escaped
From Apina, found room enough to dart
Against Telegonos, a sharpen'd stake.

Telegonos stoopt, seiz'd it, turn'd, pursued,
And hurl'd it, as he mounted up the steps.
Untrue the angry aim ! that pointed stake
Transfixt the unknowing and unknown . . transfixt
His father ! His knees totter : on the earth
He falls : blood hisses from the gasping wound.
All start with horror, never felt before,
From blood now running thro' the garlands strown
Along the ground ; a husband's, guest's, and king's.
Lifting up once his eyes, heavy with death,

“ The Omnipotent hath heard my prayer ” said he,
“ The appointed hour is come . . nor brings remorse
To my Telemachus.” He turn’d his face
Back on the hall, for thence he seem’d to hear
Confusedly shrill voices, questions sharp.
Whose blood runs there ? Ulysses whither gone ?
He drew with failing hand the festal robe
Above his head, and sank ; no word, no groan.

XXX. SILENUS.

Silenus, when he led the Satyrs home,
Young Satyrs, tender-hooft and ruddy-horn’d,
With Bacchus equal-aged, sat down sometimes
Where softer herbs invited, then releast
From fawn-skin pouch a well-compacted pipe,
And sprinkled song with wisdom.

Some admired
The graceful order of unequal reeds ;
Others cared little for the melody
Or what the melody’s deep bosom bore,
And thought Silenus might have made them shine.

They whisper'd this : Silenus overheard,
And mildly said " 'Twere easy : thus I did
When I was youthful : older, I perceive
No pleasure in the buzzes of the flies,
Which like what *you* like, O my little ones ! "

Some fancied he reproved them, and stood still,

Until they saw how grave the Satyr boys

Were looking ; then one twicht an upright ear
And one a tail recurv'd, or stroked it down.

Audacious innocence ! A bolder cried

" Sound us a song of war ; " a timider,

" Tell us a story that will last til night. "

Silensus smiled on both, and thus replied.

" Chromis hath sung fierce battles, swords of flame,

Etherial arrows wing'd with ostrich-plumes,

Chariots of chrysolite and ruby reins,

And horses champing pearls and quaffing blood.

Mnasylos tells wide stories : day is short,

Night shorter ; they thro months and years extend.

When suns are warm, my children, let your hearts

Beat, but not beat for battles ; when o'ercast,

Mnasylos and his tepid fogs avoid.

“ I hear young voices near us ; they are sweet ;
Go where they call you ; I am fain to rest ;
Leave me, and ask for no more song to-day.”

XXXI. REGENERATION.

We are what suns and winds and waters make us ;
The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
Fashion and win their nursling with their smiles.
But where the land is dim from tyranny,
There tiny pleasures occupy the place
Of glories and of duties ; as the feet
Of fabled faeries when the sun goes down
Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by day.
Then Justice, call'd the Eternal One above,
Is more inconstant than the buoyant form
That burst into existence from the froth
Of ever-varying ocean : what is best
Then becomes worst ; what loveliest, most deformed.
The heart is hardest in the softest climes,
The passions flourish, the affections die.
O thou vast tablet of these awful truths,
That fillest all the space between the seas,

Spreading from Venice's deserted courts
To the Tarentine and Hydruntine mole,
What lifts thee up ? what shakes thee ? 'tis the breath
Of God. Awake, ye nations ! spring to life !
Let the last work of his right-hand appear
Fresh with his image, Man. Thou recreant slave
That sittest afar off and helpest not,
O thou degenerate Albion ! with what shame
Do I survey thee, pushing forth the spunge
At thy spear's length, in mockery at the thirst
Of holy Freedom in his agony,
And prompt and keen to pierce the wounded side !
Must Italy then wholly rot away
Amid her slime, before she germinate
Into fresh vigour, into form again ?
What thunder bursts upon mine ear ? some ile
Hath surely risen from the gulphs profound,
Eager to suck the sunshine from the breast
Of beauteous Nature, and to catch the gale
From golden Hermus and Melena's brow.
A greater thing than ile, than continent,
Than earth itself, than ocean circling earth,

Hath risen there ; regenerate Man hath risen.
Generous old bard of Chios ! not that Jove
Deprived thee in thy latter days of sight
Would I complain, but that no higher theme
Than a disdainful youth, a lawless king,
A pestilence, a pyre, awoke thy song,
When on the Chian coast, one javelin's throw
From where thy tombstone, where thy cradle stood,
Twice twenty self-devoted Greeks assail'd
The naval host of Asia, at one blow
Scatter'd it into air . . . and Greece was free . . . *
And ere these glories beam'd, thy day had closed.
Let all that Elis ever saw, give way,
All that Olympian Jove e'er smiled upon :
The Marathonian columns never told
A tale more glorious, never Salamis,
Nor, faithful in the center of the false,
Platea, nor Anthela, from whose mount
Benignant Ceres wards the blessed Laws,
And sees the Amphictyon dip his weary foot

* Reduced now by the *Holy Alliance* into worse slavery than before.

In the warm streamlet of the strait below.*
Goddess ! altho' thy brow was never rear'd
Among the powers that guarded or assail'd
Perfidious Ilion, parricidal Thebes,
Or other walls whose war-belt e'er inclosed
Man's congregated crimes and vengeful pain,
Yet hast thou toucht the extremes of grief and joy ;
Grief upon Enna's mead and Hell's ascent,
A solitary mother ; joy beyond,
Far beyond, that thy woe in this thy fane :
The tears were human, but the bliss divine.
I, in the land of strangers, and deprest
With sad and certain presage for my own,
Exult at hope's fresh dayspring, tho afar,
There where my youth was not unexercised
By chiefs in willing war and faithful song :
Shades as they were, they were not empty shades
Whose bodies haunt our world and blear our sun,
Obstruction worse than swamp and shapeless sands.
Peace, praise, eternal gladness, to the souls

* The Amphictyons met annually in the temple of Ceres near Anthela.

That, rising from the seas into the heavens,
Have ransom'd first their country with their blood !

O thou immortal Spartan ! at whose name
The marble table sounds beneath my palms,
Leonidas ! even thou wilt not disdain
To mingle names august as these with thine ;
Nor thou, twin-star of glory, thou whose rays
Stream'd over Corinth on the double sea,
Achaian and Saronic, whom the sons
Of Syracuse, when Death removed thy light,
Wept more than slavery ever made them weep,
But shed (if gratitude is sweet) sweet tears ;
The hand that then pour'd ashes o'er their heads
Was loosen'd from its desperate chain by thee.
What now can press mankind into one mass
For Tyranny to tread the more secure ? . . .
From gold alone is drawn the guilty wire
That Adulation trills : she mocks the tone
Of Duty, Courage, Virtue, Piety, . . .
And under her sits Hope. O how unlike
That graceful form in azure vest array'd,
With brow serene, and eyes on heaven alone

In patience fixt, in fondness unobsured !
What monsters coil beneath the spreading tree
Of Despotism ! what wastes extend around !
What poison floats upon the distant breeze !
But who are those that cull and deal its fruit ?
Creatures that shun the light and fear the shade,
Bloated and fierce, Sleep's mien and Famine's cry
Rise up again, rise in thy dignity,
Dejected Man ! and scare this brood away.

THE END.

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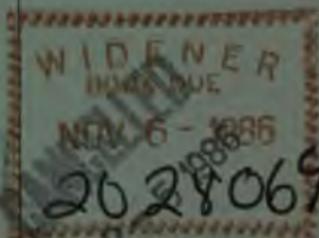


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